CALDER: Weather and the H-Bomb

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Mendès-France Goes Through the Hoop

WHY, the historian may well ask, did Pierre Mendès-France, the first post-war French statesman of international stature, choose to commit virtual political suicide over German rearmament? For, however this week's drama ends, that is what he seems to have done. And why did Britain and America deliberately choose to rub in his humiliation by the unpleasant display of strong arm politics which have disfigured the past week? Why the fatuous, melodramatics of Sir Anthony Eden's deferred Christmas holiday, and the Presidential plane's much publicised vigil beside the nineteenth hole at Fort Augusta? The essence of all these questions has been presented with precision and clarity by Hanson W. Baldwin, the distinguished military correspondent of the *New York Times*. "If Europe," he asks, "can be defended by reliance on atomic weapons, why do we need German divisions in the field?"

This is indeed the sixty-four dollar question. When viewed beside the decisions of two weeks ago by the Nato Council—which virtually committed the West to dependence on thermo-nuclear methods of warfare—the Christmas antics of the Western Foreign Ministers (and of the French Assembly) seem almost incredible. What, in sum, have they achieved? As we write, it seems almost sure that an unwilling and scared Assembly will be bulldozed by Anglo-American threats into the formal ratification of the Paris Treaties: at the same time, the world has been given a vivid demonstration of the weight of French opinion against German rearmament.

The secondary consequences of all this add up to an even odder balance sheet. In return for Dr. Adenauer's twelve divisions (which are now generally recognised to be of very minor importance in the military strategy of the West) and in return for some fifteen minutes earlier warning of approaching Russian aircraft, France has been thrown yet again into political confusion. But, the Assembly and its tactical battles apart, M. Mendès-France's real authority lay in public opinion. It is here that he has lost vital ground. Moreover, the discredited Catholic group of Bidault, Pleven and their associates, who led France into such ignominy in the years before last June, have been given a tactical opportunity to pose as the opponents of German rearmament. Finally, the high-flown precepts of liberty and democracy which have always provided the varnish to the Western alliance have been given a slightly shoddy look. The events of the last week in France have been dictated by the peremptory order of Washington, with the full connivance of Britain. The Russians, who are no doubt genuinely angry over the rearming of West Germany, can afford to smile at the awkward situation in which Western diplomacy now finds itself.

To find the explanation of the events of the last week, one must go outside any rational examination of the strategic needs of Western defence. The fact is that the British and American Governments have become so deeply committed to the politics of rearming West Germany that they dare not, for the sake of their own prestige, confess that events have made nonsense of their strategy. At all costs the fictions of the last four years must be preserved: no U.S. dollars and no British soldiers for anybody who dares to point out the Emperor's nakedness.

There is another factor which, even more than the political commitment, has probably influenced high officials in the State Department and the Foreign Office: it is the long-standing conviction that Dr. Adenauer is irreplaceable. As a Catholic and a Conservative, he has always suited the State Department: a genuine believer in parliamentary processes, he has long impressed British official opinion as being safer than any alternative to be found on the German Right. But now a different aspect of Dr. Adenauer becomes the most important. Since Malenkov's new-look Soviet diplomacy, the Catholic Separatist from the Rhineland becomes the only likely Chancellor who can be trusted to integrate the Federal Republic into the Nato bloc,

without first opening negotiations for unity with the East. The dominant fear of Britain and the U.S., now that they have thrown away their great bargaining counter of a demilitarised Germany, is lest Moscow should strike its own bargain with a West German Chancellor for German unity.

It is this fear, as well as the political predicament of Mr. Dulles and Sir Anthony Eden, which explains the tribulation of M. Mendès-France. For some time the British and American Foreign Ministers have not bothered to conceal their view that French Premiers are expendable—except for those who are prepared to accept Dr. Adenauer's privileged position as the State Department's Golden Boy. It is sad to say that Mr. Mendès-France won the acclaim of the Administration on his recent visit to Washington by his acceptance, however reluctant, of this position, and his confident assurance that he could make his countrymen swallow German rearmament. That is the chicken which this week has been coming home to roost.

Railwaymen and the Court

It was not to be expected that the appointment of a Court of Inquiry would be regarded by the N.U.R. as justification for suspending the national strike notices due to take effect on January 9; but the decision of the Executive to attend the Court and state a case warrants hopes that this disastrous stoppage may yet be avoided. Speed in the hearings is obviously essential; and it is to be hoped that the Court will not waste much time in exploring the question whether the N.U.R. was right or wrong in declining to have further recourse to the normal negotiating machinery, and whether the demand for the balance of the 15 per cent. advance should be regarded constitutionally as representing a new claim. The substantial point on which the Court should deliver its opinion with urgency is whether wage rates on the railways, by comparison with those in other industries, are such that, in equity, a substantial increase is required. If that be the finding of the Court—and it is difficult to see how it can be otherwise—it will then be up to the Government to decide whether it wants to see the country plunged in a ruinous stoppage of transport, or prefers (as it surely must) to direct the Transport Commission to accumulate a temporary working deficit. It may well be that the railways cannot be put on a satisfactory financial basis without re-nationalising road transport; but this again is a question for long-term consideration by the Government and not for the present *ad hoc* Court of Inquiry.

Sovereign Parliament

The Labour Party in Parliament was surprisingly slow to see the dangers in Mr. Justice Roxburgh's injunction, which sought to restrain the Home Secretary from carrying out the proposals of the Boundary Commissioners. Delighted that another means had been found to delay changes that Labour thinks are iniquitous, most Labour M.P.s were surprised when Mr. Paget agreed with Captain Crookshank that this injunction raised a serious constitutional issue. "The proposition," he said, "is that the courts claim they have the right to deny to a Minister of the Crown access to the Crown." This point, in fact, was never tested, since the injunction was set aside by the Court of Appeal on other grounds, and Mr. Lloyd-George was not prevented from presenting to the Crown an Order duly endorsed by Parliament. The Court of Appeal was clearly relieved that it could rule that the Boundary Commissioners had followed their instructions, so that it did not have to face the real teaser: If they had not followed their instructions, could the judiciary interfere? Yet there can be little argument about the constitutional question. Mr. Justice Roxburgh, in effect, was seeking to separate the legislative and administrative functions of Parliament. But these Orders, though they are an Executive action, are given express sanction by Parliament and issued under the authority of law duly passed by Parliament. Thus, as Mr. Justice Harman pointedly observed in the Hammersmith-Fulham suit, the only place where they can be challenged is in Parliament itself. To give the judiciary power to interfere is either to assume a fundamental law—such as the American Constitution—or to admit that the administrative and legislative functions of Parliament can be chopped into distinct parcels. Both concepts are alien to a sovereign Parliament; and judicial review is the last doctrine that the Labour Party should champion.

Unesco Witch-Hunt

Unesco begins 1955 with an unpleasant item of "unfinished business" in the field of staff relations. On December 10—Human Rights Day in the U.N. calendar—Dr. Luther H. Evans, Director-General of Unesco, announced the immediate suspension of Mr. David Leff and six other American staff members who declined, last July, to respond to a request made by a visiting American "loyalty board" that they should answer questions about themselves, their relatives and their colleagues. Some of the victims of this witch-hunt, pursued under relentless pressure from Washington, are on "fixed-term" contracts due to expire at the end of this week. The others are on indefinite tenure. All seven cases are to go before a special Appeals tribunal. Unfortunately, this Appeal Board's decisions are merely advisory and the Director-General can laugh them off. His present action was taken under the new staff regulations voted last month at Unesco's conference in Montevideo. Dr. Evans stated to the press in Montevideo that he had lost confidence in the "integrity" of these staff members. Employment in Unesco, he admitted, did not automatically require the loyalty of an employee to a national government, but there were ways of being disloyal which would contravene the new staff regulations—e.g., indulging in activities calculated to overthrow the government of a member State. Whether the refusal of the seven to testify before a non-judicial, non-Congressional investigating team was tantamount to trying to overturn the Administration in Washington was a question Dr. Evans left conveniently unanswered.

KENYA

Why Colonel Young Resigned

Our Kenya Correspondent writes: The official reason given for the resignation last month of Colonel Arthur Young as Kenya's Police Commissioner is no doubt the truth; but it is by no means the whole truth. The clash between the Government and Colonel Young, from which the latter's resignation arose, admittedly occurred on the status of the Police Force in the Colony. Colonel Young agreed with the Police Commission's Report of last February, recommending complete independence for the Force, except of the Law. The Government refused. But it is not enough to stop at this point. Why did the Commissioner back his demand with a threat to resign, and why did the Government accept his resignation rather than the demand?

Colonel Young, it must be remembered, was in Kenya on a temporary "loan" from London. Unless his term was extended, he was due to relinquish his appointment in Kenya in another two or three months. That fact has a material bearing on the suspicion arising from his resignation. A man on the verge of normal retirement does not go about resigning from his job unless very special circumstances force on him an immediate decision. Obviously, Colonel Young found things so radically amiss in the Kenya Police that he felt quite unable to continue serving in it any longer. He must have felt it pointless to continue for his remaining month or two unless that period could be used to alter the very basis on which the Police is organised. The stage for minor reforms in the existing set-up must have seemed to him to have passed. Total reorganisation was the only answer; and when it was made plain to him that it would not be countenanced, he decided to pack up and leave. He had already waited since February for the Government to make up its mind on the Police Commission Report, and the Government would no doubt have been happy to keep matters hanging for yet another couple of months, till Colonel Young's term drew to a close, but the resignation forced it into the open. Behind the acceptance of the resignation lay perhaps a certain amount of political pressure from the European settler community, or at least the well-known fear of it. Some of the people near the top wished to withstand this pressure, or its fear, and are understood to have supported the Commissioner to the last; but the scales were weighted too heavily against them.

In Kenya it has been obvious for some time that Colonel Young's views as Police Commissioner irked the settlers as sorely as the second-fiddle status of the Police, with all its attendant possibilities of abuse, irked Colonel Young. Many of the settlers have not been slow to acknowledge his "sincerity," but regretted that it was of a type "which created a feeling of utter frustration among his fellow-members of the Force who know Africa and the African." To these people the going of Colonel Young is a relief; and the acceptance of his demand for an independent Force, completely free from the control of an Administration which was frequently subject to political pressure from them, would have been intolerable. Colonel Young's demand for an independent Police Force was not based on a love of that idea in the abstract. It is certain that in Kenya, in the past ten months, he has been able to see the practical abuses that flow from a system in which the Police Force is little more than a penal weapon in the hands of the Administration. If, for administrative reasons, it was found expedient to overlook the misdemeanours of certain people who were otherwise proving of use to the

Administration, the Police were expected to wink an eye and pass on. This sort of an attitude has gradually brought things to such a pass in Kenya that Appeal Court Judges have on two occasions felt compelled to comment on it.

Colonel Young's resignation is deplored and regretted universally among all the liberal-minded people in Kenya, and specially by the Africans and Asians, who were counting on his influence and ability to set things right in the Colony's Police Force. Mr. E. W. Mathu, Leader of the African Representative Members, has already informed the Legislative Council of his intention to introduce a motion in this sense; and Asian Members of the Council are preparing a message for general release to assure Colonel Young of their sympathy and support.

PARIS

The Assembly's Warning

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Friday's vote against Section One of the Paris Agreements cannot simply be dismissed as a freak result, for which personal hatred of M. Mendès-France was responsible. Certainly the 61 M.R.P. Deputies who voted "no" included many of his bitterest enemies, whose principal object was to reduce the Government's majority to a derisory minimum. It can also be argued that the vote was an accident, the M.R.P. are still new to opposition, and they are extremely inaccurate in their pre-division calculations. But 21 votes is too big a margin of error even for the shaky arithmetic of the M.R.P., and it can only be concluded that many M.R.P. Deputies—and possibly some Independents, too—voted against the Agreements knowing full well that their decision would tip the scales.

What, then, is the real explanation? Part of the answer, at least, can be found in M. Mendès-France's own speech on Thursday. This declaration, which took over two hours to deliver, was undoubtedly the turning-point of the debate. Faced with the threat of some 250 abstentions, M. Mendès-France attempted, with great skill and eloquence, to put the issues squarely to the Assembly and to persuade the Deputies to take a positive decision. "I would prefer a vote against," he said, "to abstention." His efforts succeeded only too well, and many Deputies took him literally at his word. Moreover, M. Mendès-France's speech probably damaged his own case. He pointed out, with his customary clarity, that the Paris Agreements differed from E.D.C. only in the political field; "the military differences," he remarked, "are insignificant." This was an unwise argument to use. It confirmed the hostility of those Socialists and Radicals whose opposition to E.D.C. was based mainly on the grounds that it was an instrument for the rearming of Germany, and whose dislike of its supra-national clauses was only secondary. At the same time, it hardened the opposition of the M.R.P.; many sincere "Europeans" have always contended that German rearmament without the supra-national controls imposed by E.D.C. constituted a danger to France, and M. Mendès-France's analysis of the Agreements confirmed their fears. Hence, the adverse vote of many M.R.P. Deputies was based not so much upon hatred of Mendès-France as on fear of Germany. In the final analysis, then, the 280 votes against the Paris Agreements should be interpreted purely and simply as an index of France's deep-rooted opposition to Germany's rearmament. The force of Western threats and pressure is, of course, capable of reversing such a vote; but it should, nevertheless, stand as a warning to London and Washington that the new European Defence structure is being built on very flimsy foundations

SOVIET SCIENCE

"Morganism" Revisited

A Scientific Correspondent writes: The Cold War is thawing in some unexpected ways. One of the most recent, and possibly the most important in its long-term effects, has nothing to do with diplomacy. It concerns the presentation of Western science to Soviet scientists, and it occurs in a field where relations were at their worst. In the July-August issue of the Bulletin of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences there appeared an article by V. I. Kremyanski, which describes itself as the first of a series of surveys of Western biological thought. It is devoted to the most delicate topic of all—the present status of Western genetics. The choice of subject, the choice of journal, and above all the tone of the article itself, leave little doubt that some serious thinking has been taking place. The contrast with previous comment—the disgraceful article under "Gene" in the *Soviet Encyclopædia*, for example—is striking.

Kremyanski's paper is a scholarly, accurate, and well-informed account of the changes in Western genetical theory between the classical period of "Morganism"—the statistical school of Mendelian genetics developed by the American Nobel Prize-winner, T. H. Morgan, in the late Thirties—and the present day. It is almost wholly non-polemical, it deals critically with the whole field of genetical research—first in survey, and then in detail; and it concludes with an excellent bibliography of Western genetical papers. The gist of Kremyanski's argument is as novel as its manner, for he stresses the fact that Western genetics is a growing science, not a dogmatic orthodoxy, and endeavours to show that it is gradually moving into a position considerably closer to that of Soviet genetical theory. The ideas of "old" and neo-Morganism concerning the invariability of genes and the existence of extra-nuclear forms of inheritance are presented in parallel columns. "It is hard to summarise these new tendencies in Western genetics as yet," writes Kremyanski, "and we will not begin to affix labels. But what is going on today in Western genetics has every appearance of an irreversible process. It would not be too much to say that if anyone wanted to return to the theoretical positions of 1935-7, he would find it impossible. Instead of the 'strong points' which existed then, little is left but scattered stones—facts without a unifying theory."

Some Western geneticists interpret the "facts of life" otherwise, and will profoundly resent this comment. On the other hand, a good many biologists would probably agree that the changes described are real, though they have nothing to do with Lysenko, and were in train before the row began. Whether Western work on extra-genic inheritance, adaptation and so forth represents a movement towards "Michurinism", with its emphasis on environmental mutations, is at least arguable—we shall have to move some distance before endorsing a good deal which has been written about inheritance in "vegetative hybrids"—but the idea that Western geneticists are at least groping for truth, and not faking a scientific basis for racial discrimination, is a most welcome change of attitude among Soviet scientists.

The rest of the reviews in this series will be awaited with great and (the Russians can be assured) genuinely friendly, interest. One hopes the return to the decencies of controversy will extend to the West, which has itself lapsed pretty often. Kremyanski's article coincided with one by Prof. Dobzhansky in the *American Naturalist*, in which accusations of lying and charlatanry were made with great abandon. Meanwhile, if both sides are learning that crime does not pay, "that" (in the words of Kremyanski) "was inevitable. Science cannot come to terms for long with distortions of objective fact."

A Charter for Consumers

It was a boom Christmas, and it was an expensive Christmas. Now the tide of festivity has receded, leaving in our homes its flotsam of wrapping paper, gimcrack novelties, unwanted or too-dear "bargains," and eye-catching products which will soon wear out or break. We know what song the hucksters sang, but it was Christmas, and most people will listen to them once a year. The trouble is that our judgment is usually so poor, our knowledge of the market so limited, our appetites so unregulated, that we are apt to pay excessively all the year round, often for products of poor quality, without realising that shoddy production—which means in effect a short life for the product—is one component of high living costs.

In recent bye-elections the Labour Party has tried but failed to turn the rising cost of living to party advantage. Its campaign has been far less successful than that waged by the Tories in the 1950 and 1951 elections, and the failure to move electors on this issue must be causing serious concern to Labour's strategists. There seem to be three reasons for this failure. First, the price increases fall most heavily on the least vocal and least organised part of the electorate—the poor, the old and the unskilled—and these groups tend to vote Labour anyway. Secondly, the increases since 1952 have taken place in boom conditions, in which there has been much less wage restraint than there was under the Labour Government. And, lastly, when the Tories agitated on this question, they were able to capitalise ten years' discontent with rationing and queues, and to offer an alternative policy. The middle-class, especially, so disliked controls and subsidies that it was prepared to run the risk that a "dash for freedom" would bring higher prices.

What Labour lacks today is an appealing alternative to the free market. It fears that it would be damaged electorally if it appeared to advocate a return to controls, perhaps even to rationing, yet it seems to have little to put in place of the policy that ensured fair shares in the difficult post-war period.

There is, however, a fundamental difference between the two parties on this question, and it is a difference that Labour could turn to good account were it less inhibited. For the Labour Party has always recognised that there are groups and interests that the State must protect because they cannot effectively take care of themselves. After the Labour Movement had established the right to collective bargaining, so that the trade unionist could match his strength against the employer, it turned to champion the unemployed, the old people, the children and the sick; the Welfare State was built to provide essential social services for those who, for one

reason or another, had struck a bad bargain with life or were too ill-organised to strike a good one.

For fifty years the Conservatives have fought a rear-guard action against this conception of the State; and though they may now accept the social services in principle, their record since 1951 shows that they will not yet accept limitations upon prices and profits. When they talk of the "sovereignty of the consumer," what they really mean is the inalienable right of manufacturers and merchants to control the market. For "free enterprise" is full of snares for the simple shopper, and not the least of them is the delusion that he is master of the market. In fact, capitalism is a vast conspiracy against the consumer. Advertising moulds his taste; trade associations and resale agreements too often set the price; and he has little chance to test the salesman's claims or knowledge to check the quality of what he buys. (Consider, as a striking symbol of the way "competition" works, the recent war between the detergent companies.) Though we have laws about weights and measures, patent medicines and food hygiene, though both manufacturers and shopkeepers have become more ethical and conscientious about their standards, the consumer remains a babe in the darkling wood.

Here, indeed, is Labour's opportunity. A Charter for Consumers would be the logical answer to the defects of the free market, and it would be an answer with a strong electoral appeal. Something along these lines has recently been drafted by the Co-operative Parliamentary Group, and though the Group's proposal for a new "Ministry of Consumers' Welfare" may need much more consideration, the substance of this document is admirable. It makes a very strong case for co-ordinating a variety of departments which deal with consumer interests. The President of the Board of Trade is already responsible for Government policy towards the British Standards Institution, the Monopolies Commission and the Council of Industrial Design, as well as for weights, measures and merchandise marks. In the Ministry of Food —soon, to the further detriment of the consumer, to be merged with the Ministry of Agriculture—there are such divisions as Food Hygiene, Labelling, Meat Inspection, Statistics and Intelligence, and the Food Survey. There are, moreover, the Department of Industrial and Scientific Research, the Social Surveys undertaken by the C.O.I., and the Ministry of Labour's reports on prices and on family budgets. Brought into a single Consumer's Service, combined with control of imports and prices, and given adequate powers of publicity and enforcement, these existing functions could be used to much greater effect than they are at present.

A Consumer's Service could also establish quality standards, create its own network of local offices for dealing with complaints, and—protected by an amendment to the law of defamation—publish the comparative merits and defects of rival products, just as Consumers' Union does in the U.S. A Charter of this kind, if it were accompanied by reforms in our marketing system, could be not merely a godsend to the Labour Party, but also a real protection—in the best tradition of the Welfare State—to the sufferine consumer

Weather and the H-Bomb

FUTURE historians, as well as meteorologists, may note the climate of the year 1954. The question, which they may resolve, is whether this was the year when Man first interfered with the weather on a world-scale, and whether the man-in-the-street was right when he blamed the hydrogen bombs. No weather man would be rash enough to commit himself at the moment; and Sir Winston Churchill, as at present advised, may be right in saying that the amount of radioactive ash thrown up by the bomb experiments would not be sufficient to interfere with the sun's rays and explain the eccentricities.

There can, however, be no doubt that the weather in 1954 was abnormally freakish, and that the disturbances were global in extent. Over 600 tornadoes, hurricanes or typhoons were reported—an all-time record. There were excessive floods, in unlikely places, and there were droughts—too much water in one area, too little water in another. Over most of Europe, including Mediterranean regions, there was bad weather, followed now in Switzerland by exceedingly heavy snows.

Weather experts are always reluctant to say "the worst ever." They consult their records and find some year which consoles them. They have found, for instance, that since 1870 there have been six wetter summers over England and Wales, and that in some parts of Scotland last summer's rainfall was even below average. Since 1900, two summers have actually been colder; and, since 1906, one summer was even less sunny. But they cannot have it both ways. They usually correlate excessively wet years with the sunspot maxima—that is to say, with those years, recurring in an 11-year cycle, when there are the most solar vortices, or whirlpools, on the face of the sun belching out particles which reach our atmosphere, diffuse the sun's rays and produce interference, not only with radio communication but with the weather. This year, however, corresponded with the sunspot minima. There were practically no sunspots to account for the weather we have had to endure.

The explanation of the weather of 1954 has, therefore, to be found in some other cause. For the moment it can be only speculative, because meteorology is still far from being an exact science and the behaviour of our atmosphere is still a matter of perplexity. *Weather*, the journal published by the Royal Meteorological Societies, says:

> We may argue that the cold wet European summer, in the first instance, was due to persistent high pressure and high temperature over Russia, but the pressure and temperature anomalies may be derivatives of some other process linked, for example, with the presence of singularities in the circumpolar wave-pattern in the flow of the "Westerlies." Many other factors which may be significant can be pointed out, such as the presence of ice in the Atlantic this spring and summer much further South than usual, and the possible reduction of solar energy reaching the earth's surface owing to interception by dust of meteoric or terrestrial origin in the high atmosphere. Here, then, is an all-important problem as yet unsolved which deserves the earnest attention of meteorologists today

"Terrestrial origin," of course, means bomb explosions; and it is debatable whether the dust-debris of a man-made explosion could spread sufficiently to interfere with the sun's rays to the extent which would be required. Nothing that Man has so far produced can equal the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883, when a whole island in the South Seas blew up and the volcanic dust reduced the solar energy by nearly ten per cent. of the normal, with corresponding weather interference. Nevertheless, the hydrogen bomb tests cannot be disregarded as a possible cause of the weather disturbances. That much is recognised by the World Meteorological Organisation, the U.N. Specialised Agency, which has asked all member States for information which may prove or disprove the relevance of the bomb explosions.

Locally they do have relevance. The bomb creates its own "weather," as the 23 Japanese fishermen who were "burned" by radioactive fall-out discovered to their cost. The heat generated by the bomb vaporises water and carries it in a funnel of hot currents into the upper atmosphere. The effect on the local weather will depend on the size of the bomb and the amount of heat it generates. Could it have more than local effect? Experts would point out that even the most violent bomb would be no more, as an explosion, than the thrust of a thumb into a mattress—the heavy envelope of our atmosphere. There is, however, another possibility, apart from the "jolt" or the radioactive dust. The "funnel" of hot air and vapour thrusts up almost to the ceiling of our atmosphere. Consider it, not as a thumb thrust into a mattress, but as a pole thrust vertically into a stream—the East-West currents of the atmosphere. This pole might have the effect of causing divergent currents, eddies which would cause disturbances over a wide area. As an eminent physicist pointed out to me, this disturbance might be sufficient to vary the tracks of typhoons. Usually these swirlers follow a predictable track, but this year these tracks digressed from the normal. This theory again is purely speculative and, as Sir Winston Churchill would say, "not subject to experimental proof."

If Man has, this year, blindly interfered with the weather he may still not be entirely to blame for the eccentricities. We are living in an epoch in which strange things are happening in North Polar regions. The Arctic is undoubtedly "warming up"; the ice-pack is shrinking. The thickness of the floes is definitely less than when Sir Hubert Wilkins went under them by submarine 20 years ago. The glaciers are retreating. The limits of the permafrost—continually frozen soil—are moving northwards. The Canadian Arctic town of Aklavick is to be moved by the Government to another site because the soil, once inflated by the crystals of permafrost, has thawed out, and the town is sinking to the level of the Mackenzie River. In the North of Norway, land is being ploughed which was frost-bound a generation ago, and they are turning up arrowheads of A.D. 500—the last time the soil was exposed.

There is always the possibility that this ice-melt may be affecting, or offsetting, the benevo-

lent influences of the North Atlantic Drift, the temperate warmth which, deriving from the Gulf Stream, moderates the temperature of these islands. Something is certainly happening. Cold-water fish like the haddock are now appearing off Cornwall, and pilchards from Western waters seem to be migrating to the North Sea. Blame for these phenomena can hardly be laid on the shoulders of the atomic scientists; but, ice-melt apart, the weather of 1954 has been sufficiently unusual to warrant at least the suspicion that some part may have been played by those "terrestrial" disturbances.

RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

"WHAT kind of a Christmas did you have?" The answer is always the same: "Quiet." The implication being that Christmas is all very well for other people, for the herd, who enjoy themselves noisily and with expense—the endlessly *nouveaux riches*. I have had noisy Christmases—this one was by no means quiet—but this year for the first time, when inquirers have said "Quiet, I suppose?" I've been saying "No." And yet I am certain that it now grows quieter every year, as people gather in semi-circles round their television sets and yield to Lime Grove all the responsibility about what to do next. It's an abdication of course, a loss of personal status; but I have had home-made entertainment in the past and propose not to carp. I've heard expressions of astonishment that the advertisements for women's evening wear should still emphasise "Your Christmas Parties," and I gather that no one goes to adult Christmas parties any more. Is this so? The advertisers must know the truth here, or perhaps they rely on an imperishable hope in women that there will, after all, be a party somewhere. What I do not believe is that Christmas is any less satisfying and amicable than it was. I enjoy it.

* * *

Three years ago a draft Criminal Code for Kenya was shown to me by an angry vigilante who called to my special notice a clause allowing the use of native prison labour to build more prisons. "That differs only in degree," he said, "from making prisoners dig their own graves." I told him it had been common in England for many years—that dozens of prison and Borstal extensions and workshops were being built by prison labour at that moment. He has not spoken to me since. I admit that doing it in England doesn't make it right, but it happens to be a godsend to the men, who would otherwise be locked in their cells, and to the Prison Commissioners in their quest for the means to keep prisoners occupied.

* * *

Of course there's a responsibility on all of us to watch penal trends in the colonies and dependencies, and I don't much like the ultra-18B aspect of the standard charge against detainees in Malaya: "That you, if given the opportunity, would give aid and comfort to Her Majesty's enemies, to wit the Communists." In this country we charge old lags under the Prevention of Crime Act, 1871, with "waiting for an opportunity to commit an offence" (i.e., any offence whatsoever), and can lock them up for twelve months on a balance of probabilities. That doesn't make the Malaya charge right, either; but I hope Mr. Lennox-Boyd will allow the proposed Parliamentary delegation to go out there and collect some facts. A similar inquiry seems to be overdue in Kenya, where two Kikuyu, sentenced to death for possessing a gun and consorting with terrorists, have had their appeals dismissed by the East African Court of Appeal despite the action of the police in handing them over to a "screening team" to be beaten with rifle butts until they "confessed." The appeal judgment deplores the beating-up as a "common practice," but the two men are to die.

* * *

I've been watching the campaign against cloacal comic-strips for children and sub-normal adults. It seems to me to have reached the stage at which every reform movement begins to split, like a shell exploding before impact: the premature bang might not matter so long as some of the proceeds hit the target, except that other bits injure harmless bystanders and cause ill-feeling. Being at one time a pathological joiner of social reform movements, I used to find myself serving simultaneously on several committees whose objects were in a good many respects identical; and I was often worried by the half-frozen sniffs with which any one such society would reluctantly notice that someone had mentioned the name of one of the others. It would be an interesting life of perfidy to serve on the presbyteries of a dozen different branches of the Christian faith and watch them lashing out laterally on the road to redemption.

* * *

I think the campaign against muck-raking Comics has acquired an impetus that will get it to the target, despite the internecine booing that has already broken out and even shaken the correspondence columns of this journal. Mr. George H. Pumphrey's hard-hitting pamphlet *Comics and Your Children*, published by the Comics Campaign Council, 23 Tillingbourne Gardens, N.3, puts the whole case into a little over twenty pages of crisp and unemotional writing—a most competent job. There are rumours that the Home Office are not really keen about a new Bill, and that several Metropolitan Magistrates, confronted with suitable examples of Horror Comics by private citizens, have said "Take them to the Director of Public Prosecutions," as though no one but he could initiate proceedings under the Obscene Publications Act, 1857. I hope these rumours are not true.

* * *

But a new Obscene Publications Act will do no good as a mere record of what its promoters believed. The position under a new Act may be that the people who dislike necrophily and flagellation as a literary apprenticeship for their children will have an effective weapon—if they use it. Public opinion, informed or otherwise, will always have the last word, and I see in this a mild danger that can get overlooked or too confidently thrust aside; namely that the inflamed state of public feeling about horror comics may culminate, if Parliament decides to take no action while the "campaign" grows hotter and hotter, in the breaking of newsagents' shop windows, the overturning of market stalls, and a rough passage for some of the people peddling these things outside cinemas on Saturday morning.

* * *

Public opinion, on the other hand, seems some way ahead of the British Board of Film Censors

"Don't be frightened! They say it's quite safe!

in the row about the proposal to film *Spare the Rod*, Mr. Michael Croft's novel about a Wackford Squeers "secondary modern." I suppose no one imagines that the Board gives "X" certificates in order to prevent the making of adult films in England, but that must be the effect of it if the big circuits won't book "X" films at all. The boys of Alleyn's School, Dulwich, to whom Mr. Croft imparts rodless instruction in English, wrote a spirited protest to the *News Chronicle* about the censors' decision, as did Mr. Ronald Neame, who was to have directed and produced the film, and Mr. Ted Willis, who has suffered similarly in the past. The "X" idea may work well enough with foreign films, which have made their pile before we see them, but it looks as though it could do for British films what the law has lately been trying to do for books. It might be as well to scrap it, and try harder with "A" certificates.

* * *

"Did Sir Hartley use the expression attributed to him?" asked the *Daily Mirror* on Wednesday, December 22. It was founding off a front page devoted to his chance remark at a rent tribunal about "six big black niggers," and it must have set many of us longing for the next day's instalment. We are still waiting. The story suddenly died. I get some wistful enjoyment out of picturing what goes on at those crisp editorial conferences, and can imagine the temperature when Sir Hartley's letter to the *News Chronicle* had denied any reference to niggers. "Gentlemen, this is it: the *N.C.* says he did. He says he didn't. Something's bound to bust. Set the stage for it and get under cover." But then the *News Chronicle* declared, in a leading article, that although it stood by its reporter's accuracy, it accepted Sir Hartley's assurance to the effect that he would never use such a phrase consciously or derogatively. And from the *Mirror*? Silence. I find that I don't much mind whether he said it or not, since it certainly doesn't represent his attitude to the colour question. I don't think I would say it in Court, but then I am not Sir Hartley. If I saw people settling in their seats to listen to me, as they always settle when he gets up to speak about anything, my inadequate standards of self-criticism might well collapse and allow me to drop countless bricks. Rhetoric in such a man can be the creature of art. In me (as Colton would have said) it is the quackery of eloquence. But in the *Mirror* it can be a creature that dies in the moment of quacking.

* * *

I met a man in Kingsway last week who was shaking with rage about the failure to relieve General Townshend at Kut. I have known him for twenty-seven years, and it is always the same; but this time he was talking to passers-by, which he used not to do, and muttering so vehemently that his inverted clay pipe wagged up and down in his toothless mouth and saliva dripped from it on to his off-white canvas shoes. The green frock coat was surely the one I have always known. . . . Have you wondered what it is that these few remaining chaps are really muttering as they shuffle round crowded London? It is often some such event as the surrender of Kut to the Turks. This man, whom I know as Bosky, was never anywhere near Kut—he was old during World War I, when he helped to push barrows up the little hills from Billingsgate Market to the waiting vans in Eastcheap. I know another one who walks about complaining that the London General Omnibus Company turned down his idea for a life-saving device by means of which pedestrians could have been shredded instead of flattened. Occasionally one of these monologists will notice that the world is not really listening, and then he selects one victim and walks after him shouting. Then the police take him in for insulting behaviour and "wandering," the doctors make their hundredth inscrutable decision that he is mentally quite normal, and he gets a bath and fourteen days. Social legislation will always find a tenacity in Bosky and his like that it is not finding in millionaires.

C. H. ROLPH

FOUL OLD YEAR

Five reputable publishing firms have been tried for obscene libel during 1954.—NEWS ITEM.

Ring out, wild bells, on New Year's Eve,
The unlamented Old Year goes!
How gladly are ye heard by those
Granted acquittal or reprieve!

With wassail, merrymakers toast
The New Year knocking at the door,
But none will count their blessings more,
Than those who, this year, suffered most.

How joyous sounds the midnight chime
Outside the threatened prison-cell,
To those who will be doing well
Next year, instead of doing time!

In dance-halls, restaurants and clubs,
None hail this annual event
Like those who otherwise had spent
Their New Year's Eve in Wormwood Scrubbs!

Like shipwrecked mariners in port,
Or those surviving gale and flood,
Authors and publishers, who stood
Their trial in the Central Court!

Ring out the foul, ring in the clean,
Ring out the automatic charge!
Ring out informers, and enlarge
The definition of obscene!

Ring out, wild bells, in storm and squall,
Laws obsolete a hundred years!
Ring in for harassed publishers,
The gladdest glad New Year of all!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A Queen's Messenger and his guard who are spending Christmas Day travelling between Vienna and Bucharest took a pressure cooker to prepare the turkey and plum pudding (states Reuter). The messenger, Captain "Jock" Huntington, and his guard also took holly, mistletoe, and paper streamers to decorate their carriage.—*Glasgow Herald*. (Alex. Mackinnon.)

To give atmosphere to the "Boar's Head Carol," some members of Hastings town choir prepared a boar's head for last night, decorated with lemon slices, apples, and greenery. At a concert in the White Rock Pavilion, Hastings, the head remained in an ante-room because the management had forbidden its display, under the Sunday entertainment laws.—*The Times*. (D. Nesteroff.)

Five stray dogs had a Christmas feast at Bolton Animals' Shelter. In a room decorated with streamers the shelter superintendent served them with chicken soup, meat and rice pudding and they were given presents of biscuits, dog collars and leads from a Christmas tree.—*Reynolds News*. (T. Wilson.)

"I'm a bus driver and there's no getting away from the fact that there must be some sort of social status lost when you're working with coloured men."—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (W. Homer.)

Inspiration for the Painter

INSPIRATION is often thought of as being something that only happens to exceptional persons at exceptional moments. Now, whatever it is that suddenly makes a painter want to work—whether at nine in the morning or three in the morning—it is nothing precious or exalted in this sense. At least, it doesn't look like that to the painter himself. Nine times out of ten what starts one off on a painting is a simple sensation. Nothing as rare, intangible, or esoteric as the state which seems implied by this word "inspired." On the contrary. One's sudden awareness of a configuration of forms and colours, there in the room in front of one—this is the moment of excitement; the moment when the actual, ordinary, ubiquitous object is transformed; when the everyday light is suddenly broken down, in the prism of one's own eyes, into apparent colour; when the table before one, with all its normal clutter, suddenly presents itself to one's eyes as an abstract harmony of dove-tailed forms—as being something already reduced to terms of abstract form. Inspiration comes to the painter not from afar; not from a realm removed from the everyday—but precisely from the most ordinary objects arranged—or, I should say, found lying about—in the most commonplace manner and predictable places.

The most potent plastic symbols in the painting of Braque or Picasso, for instance, are often those which derive from the kitchen-table, the café bar, or from the litter of the studio-workshop itself—the jars of brushes, the countless palettes, easels and all the other oddments a painter's studio fills up with. Strictly speaking, nothing gets into a studio by accident: the broken earthenware fruit-dish; the dead, pale yellow and nearly transparent plant in its pot; the length of woven Indian silk lying crumpled and dusty; the dried-up lemon, going amber on a cerulean blue plate. The tall, gesticulatingly ornate and rapidly blackening silver candlestick, alone, unpaired; the African mask; and the Victorian jardinière—every single object, with its separate and distinct personality, is there because of the contribution it makes, directly or indirectly, to the activity of the artist. Some of these get into his Still-life, like the glass goblets, as well as a sort of glass biscuit-jar, which are almost the sole occupants of Ben Nicholson's immaculate, white studio at St. Ives; others are present for what I call their aura, for the influence they shed—like the primitive shield on the wall of Braque's elegant atelier, which is there because of the qualities it shares with Braque's pictures, and not in order to be put into them.

But I want for a moment to consider this question of inspiration from a more general standpoint. Presumably by "inspiration" one means the sudden attainment—thanks to the intervention of some exterior, superior, possibly Divine agent—of an exceptional concentration; one means the state of heightened sensuous awareness, of enhanced receptivity and insight; one means the temporary ability to receive and register "a vision" of some kind. So far, so good. The painter knows what all this means. But "inspiration" has another aspect. It is felt to be the means for apprehending an ideal, unseen, possibly transcendental or supernatural order of things. And it is this implication that is decidedly antipathetic to the modern painter. Why? I think it has to do with his conception of his art as being very much rooted in the physical aspects of exist-

ence. It is not, like that of the poet or mystic the, experience of what I have just called an unseen or ideal order; it is not an experience of supernatural or metaphysical realities—but rather of natural, everyday ones.

The colour, texture, shape, depth and pattern of his immediate, physical surroundings are the painter's chief inspiration. He starts with these. He starts with whatever happens to lie about him, whether it be the receding geometry of furniture-shapes in an Interior; or the massed angularities of familiar objects in a Still-life; or the interfolding, recessive, curvilinear forms of the spacious Landscape, beyond the walls and doors of the studio; or the sculptural, modulated forms of a single human figure in a Portrait. The painter's humility lies in the necessary subservience of his imagination to his eye. His dramatic or grandiose dreams of symbolic compositions must either remain dreams—or subordinate themselves to the thing seen, to the visual data which his eyes are gathering in all the time from the visible setting of his daily life.

The man who insists, as it were, on creating the symbolic or the metaphysical direct, and without first putting his images at the mercy of the observable and everyday reality—this is no painter. He may be a poet, attempting to convey what is in fact a *poetic* symbol by means of pictorial illustration. Or he may be a mystic, who is using a naturalistic, illusionistic pictorial idiom to show us a vision which he himself has "seen"; but seen with the inward eye of the visionary, not with the outward-looking eye of the true painter. William Blake perfectly illustrates this type of poetic intruder into the sphere of painting. Blake saw visions, and wished to communicate them. But the pedestrian graphic language of borrowed Michelangelesque forms, with which Blake recorded his visions, leaves us much interested in the visions but little interested in the picture.

This distinction between the subject of a painting and the painting itself is of immense importance to grasp. A picture is an organic entity, a palpable, tangible object-in-itself. Its overall construction, its formal character, its unique quality of colour, texture and design—these are the prime realities of a painting. The abstract configuration of its forms and colours is the thing that determines whether a painting is good or bad. A good Impressionist painting of two fuzzy haystacks gently vibrating at the edge of a meadow consisting of a thousand tiny rhythmic touches of oil paint—this will be a good painting (if it *is* good) because of the presence within it of certain underlying harmonies of a purely formal, or abstract character. And these may be precisely the same in character as the abstract configurations determining the nature of a non-figurative painting. The reason why we English don't take to 20th-century abstract painting is simply that we don't take to painting . . . of any school, that is. A literary outlook dominates here. But those whose real passion is for painting itself, rather than for the themes which the representational art of the past celebrates, always see and are aware of the painting of the past *as if it were abstract*. Michelangelo is a great painter, not because of the athletic beauty of his male figures, but because of such abstract glories as the vital energy of his bounding, endlessly supple yet steel-firm line, and the perfect balance of the areas lying to either side of that line. The enclosed form of the solid arm is no more emphatic, as a form taking its place within the total design, than is the excluded piece of background. Michelangelo's line defines both ways at once. The shape of the piece of sky seen in the gap between arm and torso is as good, as shape, as that arm itself, or that torso. And so on.

This being so—as I believe—it is understandable that inspiration will come to the painter in the form, as often as not, of an abstract rhythm, solely and simply. And I am not thinking now of a non-figurative painter, whose final canvas remains completely abstract, like Mondrian or our own Pasmore, Hilton or William Scott; but of those painters who are still the greatest of the modern masters: Braque, Matisse and Picasso. And I am thinking of Cubist paintings, which are abstract in the proper sense of the word, but are never non-figurative. Braque, Picasso or Gris never painted a non-figurative picture in their lives. They abstracted their forms from reality; "abstract" for them was a verb; and reality was enhanced, not eliminated, as a result. But the conscious aim of Mondrian or Nicholson (in his middle phase) or of the host of non-figurative painters of a younger generation has been, on the contrary, to represent nothing. To the present international movement of non-figurative painters, Soulages to Pollock or Hartung to Manessier, the representational function of painting is anathema. The pure energies manifest in the act of picture-making itself—these are to be the picture's sole content. Obviously the inspiration of such painters is an impulse to design; form and colour and paint itself will inspire Motherwell or Poliakoff or Sam Francis to weave their next non-figurative composition.

But what interests me more at the moment is the fact that an abstract rhythm may be the inspiration of a painter whose work is figurative. The abstraction of Braque or Picasso only serves to intensify the illusion of the reality, the actual presence, of their subjects. Yet what, exactly, does one mean when one claims to begin a picture by first apprehending "a rhythm"? To elucidate this I must particularise. I am looking out of a window, a long window with a number of sections opening outwards on to a balcony; through and beyond the balcony is St. Ives Harbour and, beyond that, the spaces of the Bay. Horizontal strips of various blues, from indigo to peacock blue. Suddenly I find I am no longer looking at all this with the practical eye of one wondering whether that boat is coming in to anchor. Suddenly I'm only conscious of a dark blue horizontal slab sitting on top of a pale blue-green strip which, in turn, rests apparently on a much larger oblong of colour—a roundish oblong of incredibly light, almost dazzling Naples yellow. Across these abstract, horizontal, rectilinear slabs of colour (which, you will have guessed, are simply the strips of sea, harbour water and, under those, the yellow of a near sand-bar)—across these cut the verticals of the very near window frames and the balcony rails. Horizontal strips of colour cut up by verticals; result, a check; a pattern of square patches—but squares which each sink back into space—creating the intense illusion of pictorial space.

Now the "inspiration" for this was not St. Ives Bay seen through a window, merely; even though that particular window, that special frame-like aperture, happened greatly to enhance the sense of recessive depth in the Bay outside. No. The picture suggested itself equally because it was constructed in terms of a rectilinear framework of a certain kind; and intersecting rectilinear lines were an abstract preoccupation of mine at that moment. So two sources of inspiration happened to merge; two spheres of experience happened to co-exist at the moment of vision. One, the view through the balcony window, might be called the objective stimulant. The other was the urge, within myself, to weave a rectilinear structure of lines: this was the subjective stimulant. Suddenly the possibility seemed to exist of translating one's objective vision of the Bay into terms of a strong, subjectively felt rhythm. Suddenly one saw in the scene before one the design which the very muscles of one's arm wished to make, but saw it superimposed on the sea, the harbour, the window.

As I have said, non-figurative painters release this rhythm without waiting to match it with an exterior configuration. But I think they are thus possibly evading something. It seems to me that the painful struggle to equate an inner impulse to form (the felt rhythm) with an outer reality observed (the object seen) is not a waste of time. Hitchens is Hartung *plus* Sussex. I believe painting exists precisely in order to relate our subjective experience, our feelings, to our objective setting, to the world we are endlessly observing. In painting, merely to observe is to subscribe to the heresy of realism; and merely to project a rhythm is to subscribe to the opposite heresy of non-figuration. Great painting lies between the two and performs the functions of both.

PATRICK HERON

The Nature Conservancy

SCATTERED largely throughout the more outlying parts of Great Britain—from Beinn Eighe in Wester Ross to Scolt Head on the north coast of Norfolk and the mudflats on the southern shores of the Bristol Channel in Bridgwater Bay—the observant wanderer may have encountered a new sign. A concrete standard bears a neatly framed map surmounted by a headpiece with the words "The Nature Conservancy" and above that a crown. With the map is the name of the Reserve and information about it and how best the visitor may view it. At September 30, 1954, twenty such reserves had been declared covering a total extent of 71,152 acres. They range in size from a few hundred acres to the Cairngorms Nature Reserve which, we are informed,* "is one of the largest and is also one of the most unspoilt and scientifically valuable Reserves in Western Europe."

The Nature Conservancy thus gives increasing evidence of an existence that began some five years ago. Why, we might suitably inquire at this stage, did it come into existence at all? Full answer to this would involve reference to Darwin, who showed not only that man was part of nature himself, but that the evolutionary forces which produced him were similarly responsible for the existing state of nature and for the delicately balanced interplay of forces which this represents and to which Darwin first drew attention. It is not, however, surprising that the former proposition proved initially the more fascinating and that it was over half a century after the publication of the *Origin of Species* before biologists began to leave the laboratories, where they had been studying structure and development in the light of evolution, and began to consider the effects of this in nature.

This study of plants and animals as they exist in nature and of the communities they form, the work of the modern ecologists, has proved highly illuminating. Already it was known that man cannot play fast and loose with nature, that mass destruction of forests may be followed by washing

* Report of The Nature Conservancy for the year ended September 30, 1954. *Her Majesty's Stationery Office*. 3s.

away of soil slowly accumulated over many thousands of years and the ploughing up of grasslands by no less devastating loss of top soil by wind. Particularly in the more recently settled countries, in North America, in Australia and in New Zealand, the effect of man's interference by destroying existing vegetation and by the introduction of strange animals and plants was only too apparent. Here one was dealing with the sudden mass impact of civilised man upon nature, of which the indigenous human population had been an incorporated part. What however of conditions in old-established countries such as our own where man has for many centuries imposed his will on nature?

Left to itself, under prevailing conditions of climate and topography, vegetation tends to a climax which is slowly regained should it suffer catastrophe, such as a forest fire started by lightning. During the ten or twelve thousand years since the end of the last Ice Age, this country became covered with a climax vegetation consisting very largely of forests the nature of which varied from place to place and from time to time as the climate changed. Eventually much of England was covered with oak forests, with birch and pine on higher ground and down to sea-level in the north of Scotland. Then man got to work, clearing land for cultivation and using timber for building and for fuel, later in large quantities for smelting.

Apart from areas of obvious cultivation, it is questionable how much of the apparent wild vegetation in this country remains totally uninfluenced by man. Where forests have been replaced it has usually been by dense plantations of exotic conifers; moorlands have been burned time and time again to give new growth of heather, while wide areas of hilly grassland given over to sheep pasture have been changed and impoverished by the continual close nibbling of these animals. Perhaps only on the mountain tops, in a few remote valleys and stretches of sea coast does nature remain unaffected by man; elsewhere, although his influence may be indirect, the prevailing vegetation is different from what it would have been. It may suitably be called semi-natural.

This semi-natural intermingles widely with the cultivated to give the variegated British country scene. It is this which must be preserved against the ruthless exploiter, but also against the well-meaning planner. No one who travels widely about the country will fail to recognise the danger in this small, densely populated country. Everywhere the semi-natural—which represented a balance between wild nature and man—is being replaced by the frankly unnatural. Viewed in this light the function of the Nature Conservancy becomes, I hope, apparent. It is not so much to preserve virgin nature—that effectively long ago disappeared here—it is to try and preserve the right balance between nature and man. And this is a matter of extraordinary difficulty because we know all too little about the inner organisation of our semi-natural communities of plants and animals and can seldom judge what the effect might be of almost any new form of human interference—the introduction of some animal or plant, the destruction of a "pest" (which means something harmful to one interest but very possibly beneficial to another), alteration of drainage channels, changes in agricultural practice, and so forth.

Apart from the Reserves where areas of special interest are preserved—in certain cases, such as Beinn Eighe, with the hope that former more natural conditions may be restored—the Conservancy seeks to survey the present and reconstruct the past; both in the interests of the future. It is collecting all that is known about our native flora and fauna, while adding to this by special surveys undertaken by its staff and by enlisting aid from natural history societies before whom opens a future of increasing interest to their members and of usefulness to the community. Thus in Scotland the now fragmentary remains of the native woodlands are being carefully mapped. One of these, a derelict pinewood which may be a remnant of the original widely spreading Caledonian Forest, lies on the slopes above Loch Maree in the Beinn Eighe Nature Reserve and so is completely at the disposal of the Conservancy. Study of this wood and of its soil begins to reveal much of its past while experiments on natural regeneration aim at guiding this and similar fragments of natural forests back to primeval grandeur.

Meanwhile other studies on woodlands, carried out in conjunction with the Forestry Commission, should eventually permit comparisons to be made of the yield of an area of land in terms of different types of trees and also of different crops as well as of livestock. Probably the best use of much marginal land would be to grow trees. In the words of the Report, "In terms of useful dry matter the annual increment of an acre of land under certain conifers can be more than four times the yield of similar adjoining land under agricultural crops." Moreover, trees leave the soil richer than they found it; in agriculture fertilizers must continually be added to offset loss.

Then there are the immediate problems of the day, such as the effect of weed killers and the spread and consequences of rabbit disease, myxomatosis. There has been a growing habit of controlling roadside vegetation by spraying with weed killer—so destroying plants of beauty and many insects, as well as weeds. And while we can do without certain insects (living in the west of Scotland I think particularly of midges), the great majority are essential members of natural communities, especially in their indispensable role in the fertilisation of flowers.

Myxomatosis is a far bigger problem; and here the Conservancy was able to take action before the disease reached this country. Initial surveys were made by Mr. R. M. Lockley as well as by members of the Conservancy staff. A very accurate forecast of the course and initial effects of the disease—apart from the unexpectedly rapid spread due to deliberate introduction of diseased rabbits—was made by Mr. Lockley, who also found that in this country, at any rate, the disease is carried by the rabbit flea, a new and important fact. The full effect on the numbers and habits of the carnivores, both birds and mammals, which prey on rabbits remains to be seen, but the Conservancy has begun by studying the distribution and numbers of the Buzzard, which cannot but be affected by loss of its principal food.

Few of these problems are the exclusive concern of the Conservancy. They overlap with the work and interests of many other bodies such as the Forestry Commission, the Agricultural Research Council, and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. This is as it should be. Rigid barriers are impossible while problems are viewed from different aspects with mutual advantage. The Conservancy has its particular viewpoint, one that is implicit in its name. It is there to see that Nature as it now exists in this country is conserved; to guard our countryside from danger no less by the well-intentioned than by the deliberate vandal, to protect limited areas of special interest and to discover how, by suitable management, to repair damage and hand on to the future the possibilities of further improvement.

C. M. YONGE

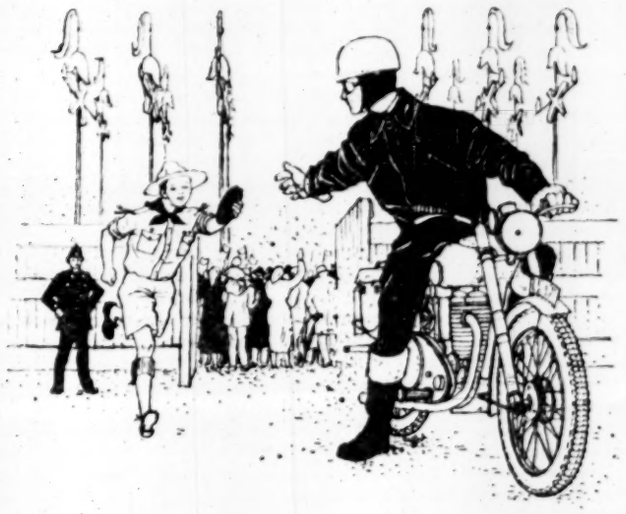
The New Statesman and Nation, January 1, 1955

Dr. Adenauer's Jewry

ON arrival in Frankfurt I was haunted by the urge to learn something of the state of the 20,000 or so Jews now in West Germany. The gay and graceful scene might well harbour a relentless inner world; yet there was no point in being prejudiced in advance. As I moved among Jews and Jewish institutions, more and more did I realise how my own absorption in German culture had been guided mainly by friends of that race. Luckily my hotel-proprietor in Frankfurt was Jewish; through his cordial aid I learnt of the peaceful friendliness existing between the Jews and their fellow-citizens, and I attended service in the unbombed Synagogue, with its impressive Oriental decorations. Reading the Jewish weekly, the Düsseldorf *Allgemeine Zeitung*, I asked myself—and others—why these thousands had returned to the land of their persecution. The types of answers turned out to be almost as numerous as the individuals concerned: some, often for reasons of language, could not make good abroad; others, mostly half-Jews, still felt themselves linked to German habits; while others again returned to reclaim valuable property, or to resume the helm of a prosperous business. Further reasons were the presence in West Germany of Gentile relatives or friends, many of whom invited the exile's return with their sincere praise of present conditions; while a tragic minority represent those somehow left over from the concentration camps. Another significant total is formed by refugees from Communist regions: from East Germany, Poland, Galicia, and elsewhere. One and all admitted their present freedom and peace; but on the future they disagreed.

A partial slant on public opinion could be divined through the simple asking of questions: in each town I inquired for the Synagogue and the Jewish community, in many chance conversations I mentioned the Jews, and without exception the response was as calm and natural as if I had asked for the Swiss Consulate. Further valuable experience was gained in long talks with many German Pacifists; these are growing in number and importance, especially among the young, and are drawn from all classes, types, and creeds. They were inevitably pro-Semitic. The one region, I gathered, where anti-Semitism—of the relatively "mild" yet insulting type sometimes found in France—could still exist, was Bavaria.

Fantastic individual situations exist: a half-Jew who, through his essential scientific knowledge, was allowed to remain through the whole Hitler period; a teacher, long exiled in the United States, and now returned to Germany because of America's persecution of homosexuals; Jews herded from land to land of provisional exile, going in high hope to Israel, only to be forced out by the conflict there between Western and Eastern Jewry, so back now in their German birthplace. Such men have found employment and outward peace, though I heard many complaints about Adenauer's policy of American ingratiation which led him to donate the 600 million Marks of reparation to Israel, instead of to world Jewish organisations or to U.N., so that the Israelis have benefited far more than the Jews in the Federal Republic itself. It is true, however, that many Jewish homes for the aged and similar institutions are partly State-supported; many of their inmates—as at Heidelberg—are refugees from Stalin's reversion to anti-Semitism. In this mixture of strange patterns, the American and French authorities are, of course, pro-Semitic; individual Americans reserve their dislike for



The WORLD was waiting

"The greatest piece of 'selling' of this country that I have ever seen in my life"

LORD LUCAS OF CHILWORTH,
speaking in the House of Lords

THE cast, the settings, and the costumes were there for only a day. There could be no re-takes. It was 'now or never' for sixteen camera crews, eager to capture the breathless moments of Coronation Day.

Twelve of the cameras were set, towering above the crowds, along the Coronation route. Beside each one stood an excited Queen's Scout—ready to rush each reel of exposed film to despatch riders at the street barriers. They in turn roared away westwards along almost empty roads towards the Technicolor Laboratories on the fringe of London Airport. There the entire staff of one thousand worked day and night to process 56,300 feet of film.

That was only the first stage in an elaborate distribution plan. Soon it would involve railways, aircraft, lorries and—in India and Pakistan—even mules and camel-trains. For millions all over the world were waiting to see A QUEEN IS CROWNED.

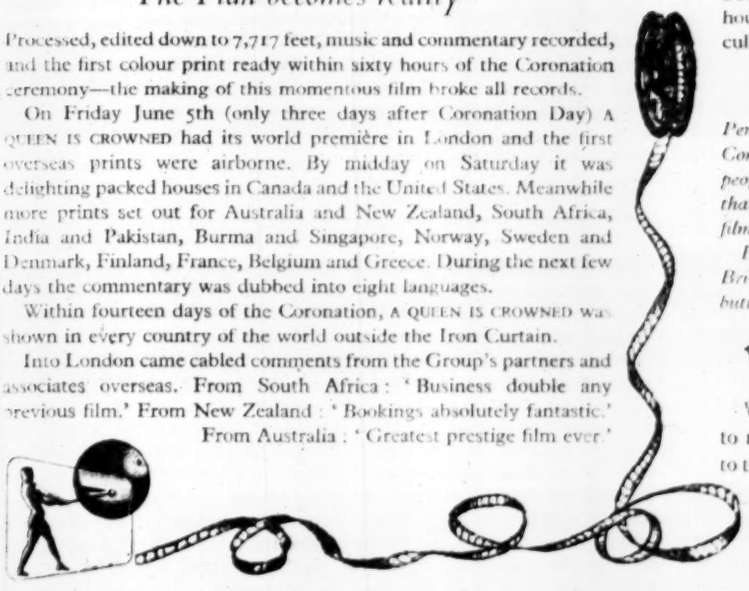
The Plan becomes reality

Processed, edited down to 7,717 feet, music and commentary recorded, and the first colour print ready within sixty hours of the Coronation ceremony—the making of this momentous film broke all records.

On Friday June 5th (only three days after Coronation Day) A QUEEN IS CROWNED had its world première in London and the first overseas prints were airborne. By midday on Saturday it was delighting packed houses in Canada and the United States. Meanwhile more prints set out for Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, India and Pakistan, Burma and Singapore, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, Finland, France, Belgium and Greece. During the next few days the commentary was dubbed into eight languages.

Within fourteen days of the Coronation, A QUEEN IS CROWNED was shown in every country of the world outside the Iron Curtain.

Into London came cabled comments from the Group's partners and associates overseas. From South Africa: 'Business double any previous film.' From New Zealand: 'Bookings absolutely fantastic.' From Australia: 'Greatest prestige film ever.' From Canada: 'Packed thrilled spellbound applauding cheering house.' From Norway: 'Film causing traffic and telephone difficulties.' From Germany: 'Public enraptured.'



Ambassador extraordinary

Perhaps no other film has meant so much in goodwill for the British Commonwealth of Nations; has expressed so clearly the solidarity of a people. Certainly no other film has proved so decisively to the world that the function of Britain's film industry is something more than film-making.

Efforts made over the years to open more and more world outlets for British films were repaid in full. The complex machinery of film distribution worked perfectly.

We are proud indeed that the opportunity was ours—not only to make such a film as A QUEEN IS CROWNED, but also to carry it to the farthest corners of the earth in a way never before attempted.

THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

their Negro compatriots, and still more for the surprising number of Negroes from other parts. With these, the present Germans are on friendliest terms: indeed, a Milwaukee officer confided to me what he really "had against the Germans"—that *they* "didn't mind Niggers." I replied that it was at least good that somewhere, for the moment, one race was not being persecuted.

In the cultural sphere, all Nazi restrictions have been removed: Mendelssohn and Heine are restored; Hamburg Radio features a weekly programme, *The Voice of Israel*; while, at the Donaueschungen Festival of New Music, strong applause greeted the announcement from the platform, "It is with special pleasure that we include in our programme a work from the State of Israel" ("Blessings" by Haubenstock-Romati). The Israeli flag was flown with the rest. And Frankfurt advertised an exhibition of *Israel: Altneuland*, sponsored by the State, the Municipality, the Jewish Community, and the Society for Christian-Jewish Friendship. Deputies from the Bundestag were proposing to found 500 scholarships for Israeli students, while the *Peace with Israel* movement exists under the leadership of Erich Luth.

At Freiburg, the Jewish New Year was celebrated before a numerous Gentile audience, with speeches from both the French and the German authorities. To such an atmosphere, many Jews have returned for brief visits (such as Max Brod, who received an acclaim in Berlin); of those permanently resident, some have attained official rank—including three Bundestag Deputies, the Vice-President of Supreme Court, the rector of Frankfurt University, and the secretary of the Trade Union Federation. For such a minute minority, this surely speaks well, both for the Jews' own merits, and for the German authorities themselves.

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS

The Village of Peaceful Women

THE wonderful thing was, said Miss Bunthorpe (as the telephone pipped for the fourth or fifth time), that her auntie had died just in time for Miss Bunthorpe to retire into the house. Poor Auntie, she added excitedly in her busy little voice, and she chattered on and on.

I could hardly imagine Miss Bunthorpe settled in Bayswater. The house had been left her by a fearsome aunt, who, at the age of ninety-three had terrorised the ancient, red-faced gentlemen in Bombay's Yacht Club, and ruthlessly controlled one of the largest shipping businesses in the Fort. She had been famous for her tiny, reluctant, but highly publicised donations to local charities (she disapproved of begging), she wrote wrathful letters once a week to the *Times of India*, and her dreadful quarrel with the Anglican Bishop of Bombay over fallen women was still quoted verbatim after thirty years wherever the British met together. She was merciless with her servants who had been with her since she was a young bride and were now lonely, senile and decrepit; she was a snob *par excellence* before whom Ambassadors, High Commissioners and maharajahs had quailed like dirty little boys; she had spent over seventy years in India without once taking a mouthful of Indian food, and it was her proud boast that she had never once been civil to a native. She would have been scandalised and disappointed to know that she was held in the highest esteem by all communities and that the flowers at her funeral had cost several hundreds of people several thousands of rupees. One might have expected little Miss Bunthorpe to have been cruelly bullied, but the truth was that a strange liaison existed between them—an almost conspiratorial essence emanated from their meetings, and they seemed to regard each other with savage satisfaction whenever they parted, as though they had exchanged invisible winks.

Miss Bunthorpe had lay-worked for forty years with her missionary confederate, Hazel Blossom—Miss Bunthorpe in charge of bodies, Miss Blossom of souls. Miss Bunthorpe was tiny, her face as screwed-up as a laughing Buddha's, and she tripped along on rather regrettable little legs encased in white cotton stockings and tennis shoes—the whole of her topped off by a spotless solar topee, purchased in the Strand in 1914. Miss Blossom, on the other hand, was far from flower-like. Her flabby, purple arms folded across her strapping square chest, the black bristles at the corners of her upper lip, a brick-red face, a manly stride, and her laugh—peculiar, in-drawn hooting, pneumatic and somehow beery—had provoked obscene comments in many club bars. Miss Blossom, however, blissfully fancied herself desirably buxom, and had acquired the stride and the laugh after a lot of self-discipline, believing them to be the essential characteristics of the "good-sort" type so attractive to exiled, middle-aged bachelors.

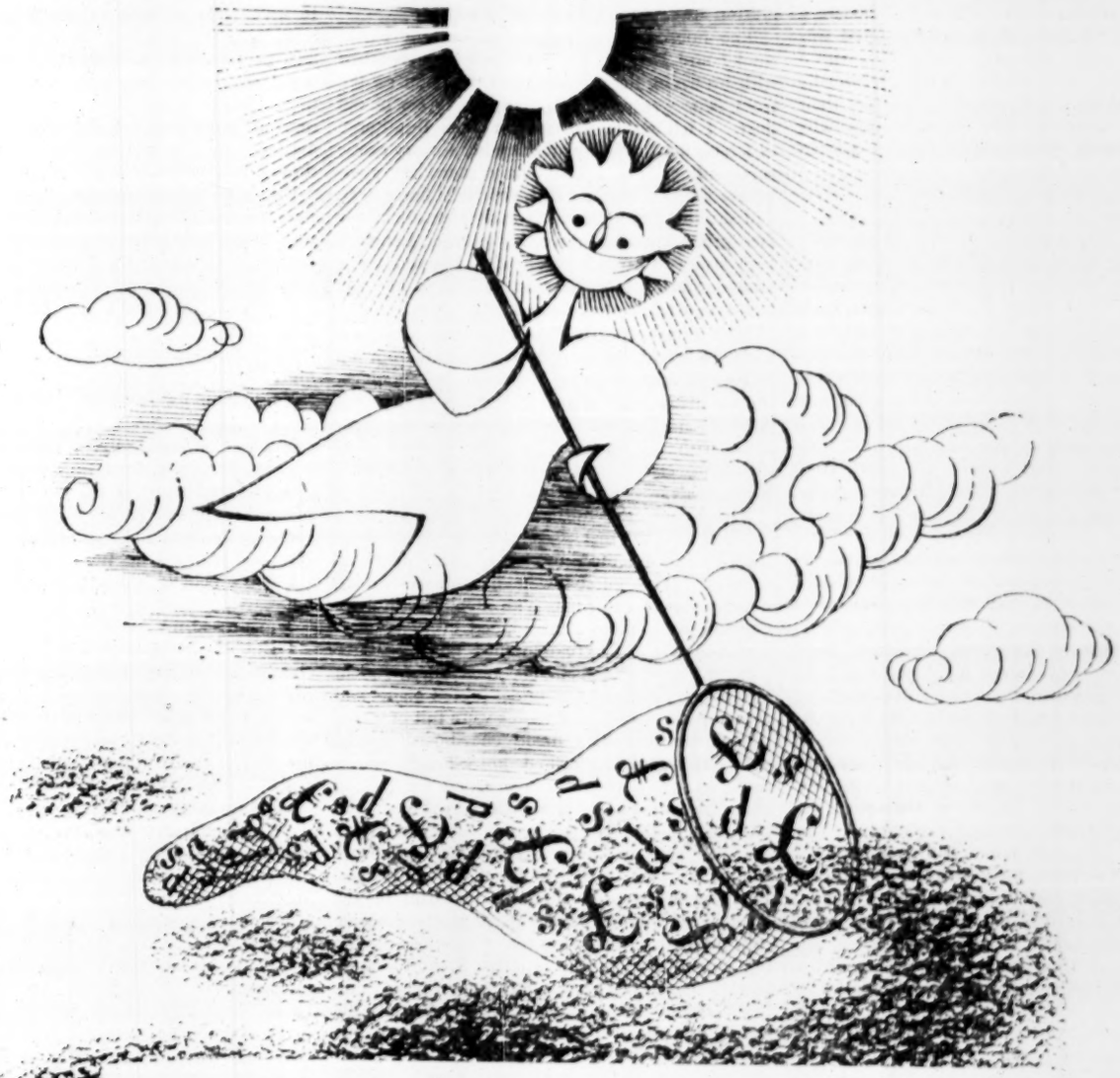
Their demesne had been a wilderness surrounding a fishing village thirty miles out of Bombay, between Santa Cruz and Madh Island; the boats put out at dawn, one behind the other into the open stream, and returned at dusk, met by the women with baskets on their heads and the smell of sigri-cooked chappatis wafting shorewards from the village. Miss Bunthorpe and Miss Blossom had created their community from grey, ramshackle, cracked cement huts surrounded by banana palms; one hut, reinforced by corrugated iron, was the church; another, with a trundling, rumbling, lolloping fan, was the unsatisfactory labour ward that had seen most of the present generation of fishermen brought into the world; one was for odds and ends of sickness—dysentery, cholera, leprosy, elephantiasis. The tiniest hut was their living quarters, containing two white-enamelled hospital beds with incredibly long legs, swathed in khaki mosquito nets, a thunder-box behind a hospital screen, and the sad-looking remains of drawing-room furniture which had been given them by an ancient Parsi gentleman-friend of Miss Bunthorpe's aunt twenty-five years before. They were out and about so much that its dinginess never appeared to appal them, and only jarred on the masses of us who popped in from the beach to beg for sticking-plaster or to bring books for them, or to sit for a moment under the fan drinking scalding, dusty-tasting Assam tea, watching the ants scrambling through the sugar while Miss Bunthorpe in a small frenzy desperately tried to balance the total on her donations list against the bundle of one-rupee notes in her dress pocket.

They had, apparently, never noticed the lushness of their surroundings. It was, Miss Bunthorpe said, all so un-English and therefore rather amusing—in an irritating sort of way. She was too busy in the wards ever to notice the wispy bamboos, silvered and aspenish, shivering against a pale green, early-morning sky before the humidity had settled over the beach. The blaring sing-song of Suraiya's voice from the gramophone in the bazaar was a noise that woke the new babies and Miss Bunthorpe didn't think there was much tune to Indian music, anyway. What a pity Saigel died, she said—his voice was much quieter and sometimes he sang songs that were almost English, although she personally felt that Indian music always sounded so agonised and even the happy songs sounded like the wailing of primitive mourners! There were times when one longed to educate Miss Bunthorpe, or to shake her and prise her eyes open to her surroundings, but imperialism flowed in her blood; she was immune to impression: she longed only to set foot on a P. & O. ship and set sail for England. So their busy, bustling bodies, their constantly occupied eyes, accepted all things without wonder. They had never noticed the ambling bay bullocks, the grey-hided buffaloes submerged in thick, brown water, their nostrils and languid eyelids alone in the air, or the caked, cracked mud around the well, or the manure fires whose smell was discernible miles out to sea, or the shocking-pink spear of the banana bunch, dipping earthwards, or the silver sand and the incredible, royal blue breakers crashing towards the palms, or the garlic washed ashore by every tide with the minute, immaculate shells, pink and perfect as newborn babies' fingernails.

What fascinated a lot of people about Miss Bunthorpe's community was the incredible serenity of the villagers; as the men drifted seawards, buoying nets from point to point and whiling away the long, blazing day until sunset, the women—saris tucked in bundles round their waists—conducted a thriving business in pork. The fat, black piglets, scavenging in the cesspools, were transformed into pink, sweet pork by the pound, and succulent, crackling roast suckling pig. Miss Bunthorpe was very "all-girls-together"-ish with her womenfolk and contributed to the pig-breeding an unladylike gusto (unusual, people said, in a lady missionary), for mating the profitable creatures as often as was animally possible. "They enjoy it!" she would shriek at us as she firmly shooed the boar amongst the snuffling sows. "We don't want to deprive them of the joys of motherhood, do we?" Somebody once said of Miss Bunthorpe that she had pigs on the brain, and swore she delivered the sows in the labour ward. It had also been suggested by some un-Christian-spirited person that it was not beyond Miss Bunthorpe to roast an odd bandicoot or two in order to avoid disappointing her restaurateur customers, for she had contracted to supply roast pork every Sunday to many of the Bombay catering community. It was true, one reflected uneasily, that she appeared to have no terror of the fat, blind bandicoots that rooted along the sewer, their waddling fat bottoms covered in thick, black hair; or of their agonised squealing as they ran willy-nilly through the darkness away from the mangy, crazed pariah dogs; but it was wiser not to entertain the notion if one intended to keep a taste for pink Sunday pork!

Miss Bunthorpe, on those days when she entered Bombay to combine business with pleasure (the pleasure of collecting small donations for new projects), was a sight for sore eyes. She drove an ancient, square-cut Morris, which, crammed full of clean orphans, leapt and bounced out of the country, between her profitable coconut palms, over the potholes, round the slumbering cows, between the pushcarts, behind the gently meandering buffalo carts, and hair-raisingly avoided the sauntering pedestrians (apparently stupified by the contents of their newspapers), and at last merged with the mad, honking, hooting, tooting, rumbling, irresponsible, death-defying wash of traffic massing into Bombay city.

At coffee time, she was likely to appear beaming at the front door, an enormously-slotted collecting box in one hand, a scrubbed orphan in the other. She gave the impression of being such a scatter-brained little woman, completely helpless in



SMOG is made up of pounds, shillings & poison

Every puff of smoke up the chimney is raw material—wealth—down the drain! For coal is a raw material of great National importance. From it—if it isn't burnt raw—come nylons and medicines, paints and fertilizers, vitamins, motor spirit and many more things. All these things are saved if coal is carbonised, not burnt. And just as important, the gas and coke that result are smokeless fuels—all heat and no smog. Thus with one stone Mr. Therm kills two hateful birds—waste of wealth and a menace to health.

GAS AND **COKE**—*heat without smoke*

'GUILTY CHIMNEYS' *The Gas Council's Smoke Abatement film 'GUILTY CHIMNEYS' is available on loan to approved borrowers*

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL *Issued by the Gas Council*

money matters, and as one might ache to help a beloved child weeping over a pitiless homework task, so one implored to be allowed to donate a few rupees to whatever cause she admitted was worrying her at the moment. Eventually, with a winsome smile, she would depart, financially improved, taking her charges back to their favourite pudding—a sago mould, caramelly brown with *jagari*, swimming in a sea of coconut milk.

On the way back to her compound, overlooking wastes of watery paddyfields, stood a present from an old admirer of Miss Bunthorpe's aunt—a cold, grey marble Christ. He was generally in the company of elderly, musing cranes, and together they stared out over barren land where the rusting hulks of American tanks lay up-ended across little hillocks of cactus-studded sand. Scarcely a morning passed when the villagers forgot to bring Christ a fresh coconut or to garland his neck with moist tuber roses: even the heavy monsoon rain failed to wash their carefully-applied scarlet *sendhur* spot from between his eyebrows. Our attention as we bounced by was usually on the pot-holes in the road, and our thoughts with the back axle, but we perceived that the patient look had sometimes given way to a slightly pained expression at Miss Bunthorpe's failure to keep His face cleansed of this heathen blessing.

We were hardly surprised, sometime later, when, in attempts to interest the population in its country, the newspaper editors and writers of documentary films began to explore the countryside for material and alighted with satisfaction on Miss Bunthorpe's community; in her compound was to be found the cream of Bombay intelligentsia, gathering notes, taking photographs, and filming every feature of her pig farm. The women were becoming famous all over India for their amazing serenity; the visitors often inquired after the menfolk and were puzzled to discover that the men were very much in the background of this women's world: the money the men made from the sale of their fish, they were allowed to spend on *bidis* and coffee, and as a result, they sat forlornly on the kitchen chairs in the mud-floored village restaurant, lonely and deflated. It was the women who could produce capital to turn into gold jewellery (the investment of the Indian household)—the women who, under Miss Bunthorpe's guidance could produce money for each new project as it was launched, and who took it out tenfold as each enterprise became a gigantic success. As tales of the village wealth spread to greedier ears, envious Bombay businessmen journeyed out in their limousines to cull the secret of success; nobody could ever discover it: some said that the women radiated a supreme confidence, a completely spiritual peace, which accounted for their success in everything they touched, yet Miss Blossom (in charge of souls) could not explain it, and Miss Bunthorpe (in charge of bodies and business) would not.

And that is why I found it hard to imagine Miss Bunthorpe in the grey-brick jungle of Bayswater. As I turned towards the little square, tucked between the Park and Queensway, the rain pouring down my neck and swirling towards the drains, cascading down roofs and overflowing the gutters in cream, foamy torrents, I cursed Miss Bunthorpe and her house, and her aunt for willing it to her, and Bayswater and the inclemency of the English weather, for as I had crossed the Park an hour earlier, the sun was almost uncomfortably warm and I had dressed to enjoy it.

The square had an air of Fanny-by-Gaslight about it. It was Victoriana preserved; the basements appeared to house the ghosts of substantial, plain cooks well-acquainted with roast saddles of mutton and rotund police constables.

The house was a large, solid cement block, smoky and shabby; the windows were swathed with browning net curtains, and the paint on the front door was peeling off beneath layers of old dust. I felt rather worried for Miss Bunthorpe as I rang the bell, remembering her former exotic surroundings, but I could have saved my sympathy, for in a moment the door was flung open and she stood before me, all excitement, her little face grimacing in a smile, a bandeau, Lenglen-like, wrapped round her head. I stood for a second, staring, expecting to have seen her still in her figured print dress and solar topee.

Miss Bunthorpe, it transpired, was delighted with her house; she rushed me round it, from top to bottom, from the attic bedrooms, left mouldering for many years after a succession of departed parlourmaids, to the butler's pantry in the basement with the racks which had housed commendable clarets and a few precious Mouton Rothschilds.

The house was full of needlework instantly recognisable as that designed by Miss Bunthorpe and executed by her (retrieved) fallen women. The guest-towels had Assisi-worked ducks on them: tablemats with monkeys climbing emerald-green palm trees topped every surface: antimacassars with cross-stitched unicorns rampant slid down the chairbacks, and South Indian lace doyleys peeped from under potted plants and rococo pink vases. The rooms were full of shiny yellow furniture with inlaid chessboard panels, and toffee-apple varnished knick-knack stands stood in every corner heavy laden with small china ornaments. Appliquéd, Egyptian wall hangings, of the type one avoids buying at Simon Artz in Port Said, and savage Sudanese beadwork trappings covered the walls of dark passages. Lace doyleys were balanced on the arms of the chairs. A Kashmiri papier-mâché knitting-needle case dangled from the corner of a brown picture of a stag at bay. It was all rather dreadful, and I looked sharply at Miss Bunthorpe several times to ascertain that she was not conducting me round this chamber of horrors with her tongue in her cheek, but it was appallingly evident that she was madly in love with every ghastly item of her inheritance.

The most amazing item of furniture was Miss Bunthorpe's bed. It had a mock medieval look—the sort of bed violated by Tarquin and Othello in their most irresponsible moments—for from a gilt-paint and crenelated upside-down cardboard coronet on the ceiling, inexpressibly grubby-looking lace curtains were suspended over a bed flouncing with decaying dusty-pink velvet. It was shockingly vampish and it needed a strong effort to imagine Miss Bunthorpe cavorting on its vulgarly overstuffed eiderdown.

But Miss Bunthorpe was already scurrying towards the drawing-room where she had balanced a tea tray on a huge African hide tom-tom.

"My dear," she said, as she carefully replaced the beaded net covers which dangled over the sugar and the milk jug, "you can't imagine how much I've looked forward to this! I've longed for a home of my own for years, but I never hoped for anything like this!"

VICKY'S CHURCHILL

A few copies of Vicky's cartoon of Churchill as seen through the eyes of seven famous artists are still available. Print size : 15" × 11½". Price : 1s. 6d. per copy (by post 2s.). Five or more copies post free.

N. S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

"Don't you miss Bombay after forty years of it?"

"Well, things have changed so much, dear. It isn't what it used to be, you know. For instance, a few years ago you could get a marvellous servant for ten rupees a month and you could slave-drive him from five in the morning till midnight seven days a week, and never a murmur from him. I don't know what's come over servants these days," she said sadly, as she thoughtfully munched a mouthful of crumpet. "We would weigh them out a little bit of dahl and rice, but now they expect vegetables and tea and sugar and bread and I don't know what! It doesn't make them more appreciative, goodness knows!"

"Perhaps they don't like being exploited," I suggested.

Miss Bunthorpe stared at me uncomprehendingly.

"So you enjoy London?" I asked.

"Oh my goodness, yes!" Miss Bunthorpe assured me energetically. "Mark you," she said gravely, "it took some time to get used to the people. Europeans in Europe are so dirty; they practically never bathe. Do you know," she confided in a low voice, as she unrolled a Chelsea bun and mopped up the currants on her plate, "I don't believe Blossom scrubbed her tongue for years."

I expressed my astonishment.

"But it's *so* wonderful to buy my little lamb chop in a nice shop instead of treading in all that rubbish in the meat bazaar. When they used to throw the goats' entrails out into the gutters, those dreadful kites would swoop down and drag the awful smelly things right past your nose! Ugh!" said Miss Bunthorpe, cramming a cucumber sandwich into her elastic mouth.

"Don't you ever miss the sun and the beach and the sea?"

"Not a bit, dear," she assured me, chewing vigorously.

"Not even wearing summer clothes all the time?"

"Good Heavens, no!" Miss Bunthorpe said, momentarily arresting the movement of her jaws. "Do you?"

"I don't like getting thick wet mud on the bottom of my sari everytime I go outside the house," I said, eyeing the chunk of sponge cake she had handed me.

"Well, I've always said it was a very fascinating costume," Miss Bunthorpe said, looking doubtfully at the hem of my sari. "I think women *should* be covered up. Especially Indians," she added. "One *must* clothe Indians, they look *horrible* naked. None of the magnificence of the African body."

"Thank you."

"Speaking generally," Miss Bunthorpe amended.

"Of course."

The rain outside continued to crash against the window panes. I was irritated by its pointless pattering; it had none of the dependability of the punctual monsoon. One could at least swear by the commencing date of the rain in India and go for picnics eight months of the year without being drenched to the skin. Suddenly, in the middle of Miss Bunthorpe's cluttered parlour, I felt a great sweep of nostalgia for the tiny cotton-wool puff of cloud in the sky, high up, that heralded the monsoon. I longed for the cool breeze from the hills in the early morning and the heavy, pregnant silence before the rain thundered onto the iron-hard ground.

"And do you hear from your mission?" I asked, making an effort to bring myself back to Bayswater.

"Not often," she said, pouring solid brown tea into my cup and adding the milk last. "I left it all behind me with a sigh of relief, you know. Blossom is still struggling on. Poor Blossom!" She stood up suddenly and gazed out of the window at the water cascading down the roof opposite.

"Why 'Poor Blossom'?"

"My dear child," she said, regaining her seat by the tom-tom, "Blossom and the Bishop have taught them a few hymns, it's true, but they're in for such a shock when they find that the people are all Bunthorpists—they're not Christians at all, you see."

"I don't! What on earth are Bunthorpists?"

"Well," Miss Bunthorpe confided in a low voice, "you know most people think of God as a venerable, baldheaded old gentleman, like a rubicund Mr. Pickwick, floating about the sky in little wisps of white cloud, being wrathful and benevolent as the fancy takes him—a sort of chairman of a board of heavenly directors—and being "our-Father"-ish and terribly Old Testament?"

"Do they?"

"Yes. Well," she continued, stirring the tea in the pot with ferocity, "hasn't it ever occurred to you that to be vindictive and indulgent, and spiteful and merciful, and destructive and creative and cruel and kind and petulant and perfect and unpredictable isn't very manly?"

"No."

"God," said Miss Bunthorpe seriously, "is no gentleman." She paused. "God is a woman."

"Good Lord!"

She sat nodding sagely.

"And it was only because women were kept slaving away at the cooking pots instead of being taught to read and write in the very first place, that Moses and that lot got away with it for so long!"

"Who told you?" I asked.

"Auntie," she said. "To her is all the credit due. Not for nothing did auntie compel mummy to call me Ephigenia. I was her pig-sacrificer, you know—her first Apostle. It appeals to women, you know. They feel the Supreme Being is in there, batting on their side. 'Always think of God, Effie dear,' auntie used to say, 'as a celestial headmistress.' It's really a rather novel religion—very soothing to women, *and* inspiring!"

"Is *that* what you taught them!"

"Naturally."

"Didn't Miss Blossom mind?"

"Mind, dear? She never knew! I hinted," she mourned, "but she was rather conservative, you know—a trifle dense. Blossom liked to think it was a man's world."

"Poor misguided Blossom," I said behind my teacup.

"She has plodded along," Miss Bunthorpe said in a sad voice, "for thirty years—all wasted! No genius—no genius at all!"

Miss Bunthorpe presented me with a rather horrible-looking cushion cover before I left. It had a vivid green cockatoo worked in wool, sitting on a branch (of all things) of an English dog-rose. It smelled strongly of mothballs and an orange tassel hung from each corner. I thanked her profusely.

"A souvenir of my little mission," she told me, on the doorstep, squeezing my arm affectionately.

I didn't say so, but I pity poor, bamboozled Miss Blossom. I am, however, in possession of a (rather garish) relic of Bunthorpism, embroidered by the Apostle Ephigenia Bunthorpe herself, if anyone is interested.

RANI SINHA

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JANUARY

ANCESTRAL VOICES

In January 1878 there was opened in London the first Exhibition of the telephone. Our Almanacks tell us little about it. Gladstone did not make a statement, nor the Laureate compose an Ode, for the event. Only the comic weeklies ran jovial prognostications of the horrors-to-come from the invasion of the privacy of the home.

Today we no longer have any privacy worth invading. But what became of those early telephone machines? Screwed to the wall, with a good deal of fancy woodwork; they ran on steam (didn't they?), they had a little black wheel for cranking up with, and a mouthpiece clumsily adjustable to the speaking height of grandfather (6 ft.) and grandmother (5 ft. 2 ins.).

Where have these contraptions gone? We have our own theory to answer this otherwise baffling question. In the daredevil romances of our childhood, the hero (intrepid Subaltern on a special mission), or villain (guttural anarchist) often put through a 'phone call, and then made sure that nobody else would. How did he do it? He 'tore the whole machine from the wall by its roots, and threw it on the floor'. The Edwardian telephones could stand up to a lot, but they couldn't survive being torn out by the roots and thrown on the floor by characters in *Chums* and the *B.O.P.* Sooner or later the breed became extinct.

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GUIDES AND MENTORS

"WHAT are the two ladies arguing about?" inquired Mark Twain's American tourist during the Bridal Chamber Duet of *Lohengrin*; and there we have in a nutshell the opera-goer's eternal problem. Even when the ladies argue in English, his troubles are by no means over; and if some miracle could ensure total audibility from beginning to end, there would remain in almost every opera much that requires elucidation and comment. No getting away from it, we had better do our prep., and we are fortunate in having mentors and guides who will make the labour a joy.

Kobbé, for one. What pleasure we have had from that stout old volume with its wonderful period pictures: for instance, the one that shows Destinn and Amato playing an angry game of poker for the life of Caruso in a Far Western log cabin. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces; but new faces, together with a large number of modern "action photographs", take their place in the magnificent new Kobbé (*Kobbé's Complete Opera Book*, edited and revised by the Earl of Harewood: *Putnam*, 45s.). This is the most thorough-going revision Kobbé has ever undergone; and there is no doubt that Lord Harewood has done a first-rate piece of work. A great part of the new volume consists of his own contributions; nevertheless, I am glad that Kobbé's name has been retained—even though he might have been surprised to find his "Gustav" spelt with an "e." Quite a lot of his work remains, too, especially his Wagner summaries, eloquent and a little naive, but alive with enthusiasm and never pedantic. In dealing with the older Italian repertory (which he evidently regarded as on the way out), he often gave rein to a quaint sense of humour; and everywhere the love of his subject is liable to bubble up in some learned oddity. Where else but in Kobbé should we be told of that Paris adaptation of *Don Giovanni* in which the Trio of the Masks was sung, not by Donna Anna, Donna Elvira and Don Ottavio, but by three policemen? A niche has been found for this item among the fascinating lists of bygone casts supplied for the new edition by Harold Rosenthal.

Lord Harewood, like his predecessor, is at his best when writing about operas which arouse his admiration. His comments on Mozart and Verdi are fresh and apt, his long analyses of Berg and Britten and Janáček full of infectious enthusiasm and insight. Moreover, he has reduced to order the whole layout of the book, which was not very clear in the first place and had become chaotic through the piecemeal additions made by subsequent editors (Kobbé himself died in 1918 before the publication of the first edition). This task is so well done that the desultory reader will obtain a fair notion of operatic history in spite of the fact that it was necessary to choose "only those works that seemed certain to be seen by English-speaking audiences during, say, the next ten or fifteen years." The problem of selection must have been grave, and it is easier to say what should have been included than what could have been spared. So little of Monteverdi's dramatic music survives that it was a pity to omit his *Incoronazione di Poppea*; and the inclusion of *Armide* (I hope we shall not have to wait fifteen years to see this?) would have neatly rounded off the five major operas of Gluck. To make room for these we might have sacrificed Goldmark's obscure *Cricket on the Hearth*, the four pages devoted to Milhaud's three "Opéras-Minutes" (which last about eight minutes each) and perhaps one or two early 19th-century operas like *La Dame Blanche* and *Le postillon de Longjumeau*, which look as though they had been included as links in the historical chain. But these are small points. The main proportions of the book are unquestionably right, and the startling fact emerges that, out of 1,246 pages, 786 deal with the 19th century. With the exception of Gluck and Mozart at one end, and Strauss and Puccini at the other, opera as the great majority of listeners know it in the mid-20th century remains almost entirely a 19th-century art.

The bulk of Ernest Newman's *More Opera Nights* (*Putnam*, 42s.) is also devoted to the 19th century: this delightful volume, the third and perhaps the best of a series, supplies the hitherto missing operas, and these happen to be among the favourites of the repertory. In 700 pages we learn all we need to know about seventeen operas, including the three most popular works of both Mozart and Puccini, Verdi's three middle-period masterpieces together with his *Aida* and *Otello* (*Falstaff* was in a previous volume), *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Carmen*, *The Tales of Hoffmann* and *Salome*. Mr. Newman has successively enlarged the scope of his inquiries, and several of the present essays are of substantial length, especially the *Don Giovanni*, which runs to 90 pages, the *Bohème* and the *Tosca*. Much of the space is occupied by a rivetingly detailed inquiry into the sources and handling of the libretto; here, the author's wit and lively style enable him to pursue each trail to its logical conclusion without running the smallest risk of growing tedious. A dull reader might perhaps complain that many of the details unearthed in these quasi-legal inquiries can make little difference to his enjoyment of the opera. Maybe so; but how delightful it is, none the less, to be told the actual address of the Café Momus (15 rue des Prêtres-Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois); or to learn that the surprisingly gay lilt of the passage near the beginning of *La Bohème* ("Nei cieli bigi"), in which Rodolfo sings about the grey skies of Paris, is due to the fact that the tune was originally written (for an unfinished opera) in praise of the blue sky of Sicily; or that a portrait of the real Musetta (by Alexandre Schanne, *i.e.*, the Schaunard of the opera) was exhibited in the Salon of 1850; or that Puccini had previously made use of Musetta's waltz-tune when "asked to write something for the launching of an Italian battleship at Genoa."

In the course of his *Tosca* essay, Mr. Newman spends a lot of time demonstrating, with a great show of reason, how sadly Giocosa and Illica botched the task of making their libretto from Sardou's melodrama; but here his too severely rational approach overlooks the awkward fact that the result is splendidly successful in the theatre. Was it not, in fact, wise of the librettists to keep well in the background distracting political considerations with which music cannot easily deal? The audience realises that Cavaradossi, besides being an old friend of Angelotti (this was an excellent invention of the librettists), has an artist's sympathy with liberal ideas in general and hatred of oppression as symbolised by Scarpia; and that is surely enough. If there are some loose ends, they are relatively unimportant. The theatre, like the heart, "*a ses raisons que la raison ne connait point.*"

Though Mr. Newman responds aesthetically to the most various kinds of beauty, he has one or two blind spots. For instance, he cannot rid himself of the Wagnerian notion that there is something inherently cheap about florid vocal writing; whenever a composer indulges in this reprehensible habit, he is liable to get a rap over the knuckles. Thus, Verdi's glorious "D'amor sull' ali rosee" from *Il Trovatore* is censured on the score of "the self-conscious coloratura with which the aria is larded." Moreover, in his analyses of Italian opera Mr. Newman sometimes describes with justifiable impatience some conventional passage or other without warning the reader that it is almost invariably cut in performance; when, for instance, did we last hear in the theatre Leonora's "Tu vedrai" or Germont's "No, non udrai"? But I must not suggest that Mr. Newman is unsympathetic to Verdi and Puccini. Far from it. What could be more apt, to give one brief instance out of dozens, than his description of the theme of the professional assassin in *Rigoletto*?

> Verdi limns him for us convincingly in a sinister theme that winds its way slowly through the orchestra as if, like Sparafucile himself, it was cautiously feeling its way in the uncanny dark.

Whereupon the theme is quoted; for both these books are very liberal in musical quotations. That is one more reason why they will prove invaluable to the radio or gramophone listener, as well as to the intending opera-goer.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

LOOKING BACK

BY general consent 1954 has been a thin season in the theatre. There have been highlights, but they have been few, and the second flight work which ought to make up the greater part of any season has been more meagre than usual. If this should continue, it would be a bad augury, for we might reach that dangerous situation which exists, I believe, in the States, where only the thoroughly and completely successful has any hope of survival. This is something which luckily the English theatre has so far been able to avoid. A shortish run of some five or six months is still just an economic possibility in England, and for the sake of the health of the theatre may it long continue to be so! Only so can risks be taken, and work of merit but uncertain popularity be tried out. It would be a sad day if here, too, the "musical" should become staple fare, as it is obviously in danger of becoming on Broadway (and not, I suspect, as the hopeful used to think, because it was a new form of "folk art"—the "folk" to whom they are addressed are not so different from the "folk" to whom the musical from George Edwardes to Cochran has always appealed—but simply because its appeal is more immediate and so wider.) Two new-style native musicals, *The Boy Friend* and *Salad Days*, have had a success with the sophisticated; but the big battalions have become "suckers" for the advance publicity of only moderate imports. But we still have a sturdy "straight" theatre public which deserves better than it gets.

The best that have been offered them in order of arrival this season have been Charles Morgan's *The Burning Glass*, the Van Druten-Isherwood *I am a Camera*, John Whiting's *Marching Song*, Bridget Boland's *The Prisoner*, Christopher Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough*, and Terence Rattigan's *Separate Tables*. Perhaps six plays of some distinction is not really a very bad record for a year, and what is encouraging is that this is not just a list of old hands repeating their formulæ. The Charles Morgan was founded on an interesting idea but was not perhaps one of his best creations, and the Christopher Fry, though containing beautiful work, aimed perhaps higher than it managed to hit. But Miss Boland's play showed a great advance on even the interesting work she had done before, and tackled with remarkable success a subject of our day that fairly bristled with difficulties. It would, I imagine, but for the actors' commitments elsewhere, have run very much longer and made a very much more considerable impact. Then if Mr. Whiting's play "failed" commercially, it should be some consolation to him that it achieved a remarkable success with the discerning, and especially in the profession itself. Mr. Whiting would seem to have all the gifts of the born dramatist except one—lucidity. If he can either clarify his notions, or teach us to understand his language, he will surely succeed with the public as well. Finally, Mr. Rattigan, the most established and practised of them all, showed in *Separate Tables* that he is using his highly developed and expert technique to explore always, more difficult and interesting territory.

A year in which the Oliviers, Gielgud, Michael Redgrave, Ralph Richardson and Sybil Thorndyke have not appeared in a new production is inevitably impoverished on the acting side. The first exciting event was in the spring—Mr. Sam Wannamaker's study of a disintegrating actor in Clifford Odets's uneven play *The Big Knife*. Then Miss Dorothy Tutin consolidated

the success she had won in the Graham Greene play in the part of Sally Bowles in *I am a Camera*. Alec Guinness delighted us in a quite brilliant study as the persecuted Cardinal in *The Prisoner*, a long, beautifully intelligent and subtle performance, and with him Mr. Noel Willman's Interrogater was a fine piece of work. Dame Edith Evans in the Fry play had the opportunity for displaying the graver notes in her superb range and gave a virtuoso performance that will not easily be forgotten. Then came the full clap of Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's thunder in *The Wooden Dish*. Rumbles and flashes of sardonic lightning had heralded this in his study of the gaoler in *The Prisoner*. His long part in the American melodrama brought bravos from the audience night after night. Finally, to round off the year, arrived Miss Peggy Ashcroft's dazzling performance as Hedda Gabler, one of the great acting experiences of a decade.

This Ibsen revival succeeded at the Lyric, Hammersmith, a delightful revival of *The Cherry Orchard* directed by Sir John Gielgud, and was itself succeeded by a production of Anouilh's *Léocadia*. One may quarrel with details of all these productions, but it is good to notice that the standards of this management remain as high as ever. The Arts Theatre, too, has contributed much to our pleasure. Their best of the season were Mr. Fernald's production of Giraudoux's enchanting *Intermezzo* and Miss Siobhan McKenna's playing of Joan in the Shaw play—a most moving and convincing playing of the part. Our other main repertories, the Old Vic and Stratford, are—it is sad to relate—perhaps the main cause of the feeling of thinness. By an unfortunate coincidence both companies have elected this season to rely overmuch on their less experienced members. Stars apart, what one misses so much from both companies are the strong experienced supporting players in the Leon Quartermaine class. It was this kind of actor who used to give a strong centre to these repertory companies, and a strong centre is just what they lack now. T. C. WORSLEY

DAVID JONES

THE word (no matter its dictionary meaning) ends with an S. The snake-tail of that S is a window latch. Either side of the window are curtains. The window is open and the wind blows the curtains so that their floral design becomes a moving garden. Into this garden walks the legendary heroine, bearing a chalice. On the chalice the letter S is inscribed.

That, I think, is the sort of way that David Jones's imagination works. (There is now a retrospective exhibition of his watercolours, woodcut illustrations and inscriptions at the Tate.) He is, of course, far more erudite and subtle than my banal example suggests. But what is characteristic of his vision is that he makes no distinction between objects, people, legends, words. Everything for him opens out on to a sea, a battlefield or a garden, where Time and Place are transcended. And everything is finally part of the same cycle which ends where it began.

When he designs letters on an inscription, or paints flowers or four imaginary queens, he is, in one way, very precise. But this is not because he is interested in making the inscription as legible as possible or in defining the exact nature of the flowers or queens. It is because for him they are all signs which must be treated with a certain respect for the sake of the transcendant Unity or Truth they represent. His precise line, beautiful in itself but really rather perfunctory in its treatment of form, pays his respects; his colours, intangible and transparent as those of light refracted through a prism, establish the Unity.

For those who can accept David Jones's personal mythology (and as far as I can see it is a very complicated one and by no means conventionally Catholic) all his works will have a special meaning; for those of us who cannot, some of them may have another. His work is unique, repetitive and eccentric. But he does not, like many eccentrics, glorify himself or, even more important, pity himself. His works are works of praise and elation. When their subjects are people—portraits or allegories—I personally find their reality too frail. I don't think Jones's vision can encompass another whole person; because other people have ideas and aims of their own, they represent a threat, and so he reduces them to figments of his own dream. Animals, however, constitute no such threat and he draws them with extraordinary sympathy and a greater degree of searching objectivity than he draws anything else. It is, incidentally, interesting how frequently the best and most understanding animal artists are a little off balance.

The majority of Jones's paintings are watercolour still-lifes and landscapes—a bouquet on a window sill, the sea seen through french windows and shimmering its reflection on the ceiling, a house in sunlight. The experience he personally finds in these scenes he is unable to communicate—or we are unable to accept. But the *quality* of that experience *is* communicable, and is similar to the quality of certain common experiences which we have ourselves. The experience of being in love, of sailing into a harbour at night, of walking through a spring morning, can temporarily for all of us fuse everything into a complete pattern of elation. It is that pattern of elation—and the tenderness of feeling that goes with it—which David Jones's best paintings re-create.

The way that David Jones sees every form he draws as a sign helping to spell out a meaning larger than itself, corresponds to the process of typography. And I think that an important factor behind his achievements as a painter is his training as a typographer and engraver under the influence of Eric Gill. From this he learned to make *emblems* formally convincing—by their placing, their proportion, their arrangement of emphases, their calligraphy. In his painting it is the combination of spontaneity with that sort of flat, self-contained formal conviction that gives his best pictures their lyrical sense of effortlessness, whilst preventing them becoming amorphous. It is difficult to assess the work of an artist like David Jones. Historically, he can be only a minor figure. But he can delight. JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

BY the second day of Christmas this old sourpuss is well on his way round the corner to join the congregation at St. Scrooge and All Misers'. "If poor Mr. Salter really wishes to enjoy Christmas, he must surround himself with the company of little children: they will keep him young." That, Madam, is precisely the trouble. Mr. Salter lives constantly surrounded with the company of little children; they have put years on him, and moreover, they cost him a packet. And during the days of Christmas, his eardrums rent by the blast of tin trumpets, the percussion of crackers and the methodical hammering of small children bent on finding out how their expensive toys work, the reflection is forced upon him that it is all going to go on for a very long time yet; the demand for Meccano sets will change into the demand for motor bikes; nylons will take the place of the nursery tea service; and he realises the packet it costs him is going to be bigger with every passing year. The mood induced is frankly escapist: how to get away from it all?

Can radio and television help? Or rather, do they? Much of what the B.B.C. provides at Christmas has now become traditional, is almost part of ritual. There is the *Festival of Lessons and Carols* from King's, televised this year as well, an innovation that panders to our less worthy feelings: shall we catch a glimpse of Mr. Noel A—, whom we last saw on TV in *The Balloon Game*? Mr. Harben teaches us once again how to carve a turkey but doesn't deal with the gnawing unasked question, Is it the same for goose? On Christmas afternoon, when we're all too punch-drunk with excess of food and drink and with the excitement of the children to be capable of

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anything but bewildered assent, Mr. Laurence Gilliam will take us round the world once more; and then—the culmination of the ritual—Her Majesty will speak to us. All this is the skeleton of the broadcasting Christmas; but what of the flabby flesh hanging from the bones, the variety shows, the parties, the palm court music, the dance bands? What insufficient units are these supposed to supply with feelings?

Much of this material, of course, has really one function only: to provide cheerful noise; and this probably indicates well enough the nature of the insufficient units for whom it caters. They fall into two groups. There is that consisting of the numerous for whom noise itself is an index of enjoyment, whose pleasure at a party is enhanced by the realisation that there is another party going on in the background. These people cannot be said to listen in any real sense, and one noise is as good for them as another so long as it is cheerful. The other group is, of course, the lonely, the cut-off, the deprived. For these I have no doubt that the B.B.C. simply is Christmas and that without it they would have no Christmas.

But then there is the rest of us, the sad chaps, the prigs for whom a little festivity goes a long way, who must in sheer self-defence ration our high spirits. Miserable introverts, we deplore the demise of the headphone. All the same, we were catered for; and for me two broadcasts of the Christmas stand out. One was the Midnight Mass from Notre-Dame, on Christmas Eve, the highest peak in outside television broadcasting, it seems to me, since the wonderful presentation of the Vatican early last summer. The commentaries, by Mr. Basil Taylor and Father Agnellus Andrew, were admirable in their language and tone, and the camera work was superb: witness the close-ups of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris as he preached his sermon; a memorable composition for which one could only seek parallels in great portrait painting. The other programme had nothing to do with Christmas; it was Mrs. Dorothy Baker's Third Programme *In the Bosom of the Family*, a recreation of a young English girl's sojourn *au pair* with an aristocratic French family, partisans of the Count of Paris, twenty years ago. It was touching, and also very funny, with one splendid comic character, the matriarchal Madame Calvet, splendidly played by Miss Patience Collier.

WILLIAM SALTER

FILMS IN 1954

A good year? It depends how you look at it. So far as tendencies go, screens have grown wider and no wiser, and a wet summer has swelled business. 3-D has died. To help us to assert the stature of the past, *Potemkin*, *Greed*, the Gorki Trilogy, and *Modern Times* came back to haunt us. In all this there may seem little cause for immediate congratulation.

But then, by the luck of arrival, have appeared six films of absolute quality. The long-withheld second part of the Gorki Trilogy revealed—why this year and not any other during the last two decades?—a masterpiece of the Russian cinema; possibly its last masterpiece, for the dead hand of doctrine already fumbles at the end. But, meeting this great work for the first time entire, one may wonder whether any other film has so energetically and compassionately embraced life.

Then from Japan, *Gate of Hell* brought an astonishment of colour for which only Renoir, in *The Golden Coach*, had at all prepared us. Hitherto we had merely complained at the haphazard or vile wrappings of glorious glamour, and given up complaining. Teinosuke Kinugasa reawakened a colour sense that the cinema had dulled. That is by no means the whole merit of his film, but it is the most important for us, and one that the negligent dispensers of the tuppence-coloured should not be allowed to forget.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, for example, the third of my admirable six, is in colour that, while not indifferent, plays only a minor part in its triumph. Bunuel has taken his original almost straight, and Defoe's charm being matter-of-factness and the confidence of a reporter with no other stops to pull but those of a scoop that speaks for itself, he too has been matter-of-fact—up to a point. His rare touches of nightmare and fantasy—the doddering ghost, for example, and Crusoe's own dandification in tatters—give just so much modern afterthought as is allowable.

Arne Sucksdorff's *The Great Adventure*. This has been reviewed so recently that there is no need to add much. But I should like to emphasise its intense pleasure in landscape and wild life, the beauty of detail, the grasp on seasonal change and life-and-death cycles. Exact memory and understanding unite here remarkably. This film is at the opposite pole to, say, Disney's *The Living Desert*, which lacks both feeling and intuitive knowledge, and denies the fascination of its material by its idiotic joking.

Time Out of War was seen at Edinburgh and at South Bank. This anecdote of the Civil War manages to convey more about war than all the war films complained of above. It achieves brilliantly its there-and-then while at the same moment compelling us to stand aside from the tragic acceptances of our own time. We owe this product of art and humanity to a private individual in America: Denis Sanders. If it occupies only 20 minutes' running time, that suffices to make the impress. *A Unicorn in the Garden* takes only a third of that time, and is Thurber in movement, at his best. Need I say more? Only perhaps that quality has no relation to size, and that I make no excuse for including in my list two films outside the feature class.

After this there's a fair drop. If I have to make up to ten, my choice would revive *On the Waterfront*, Elia Kazan's glowering melodrama of the docks; Asquith's *The Young Lovers*, for the feeling and skill of its Romeo and Juliet in a new setting; *Rear Window*, Hitchock's *chef d'œuvre* in his latter-day, tethered style; and either *Wages of Fear*, Clouzot's broken-spined but virtuoso play on the nerves, or the Carson McCullers—Fred Zinemann study in neurosis, *The Member of the Wedding*. And those crowded out would include René Clement's *Knave of Hearts*, Lima Barreto's *The Bandit*; Fritz Lang's *The Big Heat*; Charles Crichton's *The Divided Heart*, and Luigi Comencini's *Bread, Love and Dreams*.

The acting performances that stand out in memory are Marlon Brando's emergent ape of the quays, and Yvonne Mitchell's tongue-tied mother in *The Divided Heart*. I managed to get through the year without seeing either Martin or Lewis, and Mr. Clifton Webb only once. The empty good looks of *Romeo and Juliet* most irritated me; *The Barefoot Contessa* bored me to the point of revolt, as though I had had to go on swallowing an absolutely endless liver-sausage. I met Von Stroheim and De Sica, and have wondered since whether their tête-à-tête might not be arranged. If 1955 brings as many surprises and pleasures I shall believe that, TV panic notwithstanding, and ice-cream or no ice-cream, the impulse in films beats strong.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Crazy Gang," at the Victoria Palace

Cossack dancers, the John Tiller Girls, a science fiction ballet and a clever team of acrobatic dancers—it all goes to make an impressive piece of showmanship in the Cochran tradition. But that is not what we have come to see. The Space Men, the Astral Beauties, the leaping mouiks, all knock precious minutes off our session with the Gang itself. Few comedians have ever been as *dégagé* as these five riotous slap-happies. They are past masters in the bland contempt of the Public Bar; nothing, including the audience, is safe or sacred. As operatic supers wrecking *Il Trovatore*, jazz-minded friars tangling their ropes in a medieval belfry, or resplendent Teddy-boys breaking up the local palais, they are superb. But they are at their best in a rampageous adaptation of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. Here art, culture, and politics take a toss worthy of an enraged Wyndham Lewis. J. N. B. R.

"Peter Pan," at the Scala

The much-heralded Jubilee production need scare away none of the traditionalists. Mr. John Fernald has made a clearing or two in the clutter, polished up a few performances, but in spite of new scene designs by Miss Fanny Taylor this is a renovation rather than a re-exploration. *Peter Pan* remains the play that will not grow up. Miss Barbara Kelly is quite a bad casting for Peter but she does what her physique allows. Nowhere near suggesting a little boy, she turns up a tough seventeen-year-old: this makes the psychological interest of the piece even more stupefyingly horrible for post-Freudian adults—and doesn't worry the children. Mr. Richard Wordsworth is an excellent Hook. Nice contributions from William Ingram, Peter Collingwood and the evergreen Russell Thorndike. T. C. W

"Puss in Boots," at the Fortune Theatre

One can no longer assume that even the best brought up children are familiar with the classic fairy tales: and this play, which takes Perrault straight, with no condescension and a decent seriousness, is able to surprise as well as delight many in its audience, while most of Mr. Stuart Gray's additional conceits are calculated to tauten suspense. John Stratton's Puss—orgulous, magisterial, resourceful—leads a cast where hero, princess, ogre, Court and village are sharply characterised, and beautifully dressed in the style proper to Perrault, who has really been done proud. J. A. S.

"Toad of Toad Hall," at the Princes

This is an agreeably directed revival, whose producer, Mr. John Kidd, has managed successfully to steer clear of Enid Blytonism: the animals have a dignity of their own. Leo McKern, as Toad—ebullient in disaster, envied and pompously self-complacent—plays his part with style; Rat (William Squire) is charmingly nimble, and Mole (Edward Atienza) has a touching quality. Highly recommended for all ages. O. C.

Tom Arnold's Circus, at Harringay

A rich plum-pudding of a circus, whose animal performers include, in one astonishing turn, camels, llamas, zebras, kangaroos and a melancholy giraffe, and whose clowns are out-dazzled by Oriental pageantry. Excellent work on the tight wire, a sensational act (partly in darkness) on the flying trapeze; a plate-spinning turn rarely bettered in the ring; and—best of all for lovers of *haute école*—Albert and Pauline Schumann. Is the pageantry a little cheap, the Schumanns' act sadly short? These are adult criticisms. For the young the whole show, from start to (firework) finish, is supersonic.

A. V.

"The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," at the Players Theatre

Pantomime-goers who obstinately hope to find the fairy tale as they remember it—or pretty well so—should turn their steps to Villiers Street. They will not find, in this gay and charming production, any crossings with contemporary Variety, nor any transvestist metamorphoses in the principal players. And there is a Harlequinade. Planché, for all his puns, showed a close regard for Perrault—and, such is the charm of the story, some dream-like quality persists in touching the comedy of its presentation. Mr. Reginald Woolley, forgetting neither the French manners nor the gothic embroideries of the tale, has made the most of the costumes and the scenery. Miss Hattie Jacques and Mr. Archie Harradine in adapting the text, have made their version no more than delicately topical; the flavour of 1840 remains. As for the cast, Miss Hattie Jacques, abundantly beautiful and blandly resourceful, was the very Queen of Fairy Queens; Miss Annie Leake, homespun and crotchety as the Bad Fairy, was almost her match in reverse; Miss Jean Anderson was a gracious and sumptuous Queen; Mr. Don Gemmell preserved his customary air of having strayed out of the Regency court. N. L.

Correspondence

HOSPITAL STAFFING

SIR,—Mr. Kenneth Robinson in his article, "First and Second Class Hospitals" suggests that if the Board of Governors hospitals could be incorporated with the Regional Hospital Board hospitals it would "improve nurse training and the staffing of beds at present unoccupied through lack of nursing staff". This is a piece of wishful thinking on Mr. Robinson's part: his main concern is not training, but staffing. Today, there are a very limited number of suitable candidates for the nursing profession, mainly because the particular age group required is so small compared with the rest of the population, who for various reasons need more and more hospital care. If the large teaching hospitals, to which such candidates are attracted because of the standard of training provided, were to second them around the Region as "pairs of hands", in all probability they would not enter the profession at all.

It is a fallacy to suggest that "the more hospitals worked in" by either medical or nursing students leads to a higher standard of training. What matters is whether you are "learning" or merely doing unsupervised work which passes under the euphemism of "training." Surely, if we want a first-class Health Service we should not lower the standard of our "first-class hospitals" but improve the less fortunate hospitals, who, although they need not be teaching hospitals, can give as good a standard of care, but with a different type of staffing, and not necessarily that of "student labour."

MONICA E. BALY.

ATOMIC CHALLENGE

SIR,—Your article, "Mirage in the Wasteland," foresaw only too clearly the probable results of the Nato meetings in Paris last week. According to the *Manchester Guardian* it took less than thirty minutes to decide that the next war has got to be an atomic one. Such is the plain result of Nato's decision to allow its Generals to base their planning for defence on the assumption that atomic weapons will be used.

Consider what we have done. We have told Russia that if she attacks, no matter whether she uses atomic weapons or not, the West will at once unleash atomic war—for no one in their senses imagines for a second that any Russian attack would be considered as less than a major attack. In other words, we have made it certain that if Russia decides to stake her future on a military conquest, she must attack at once with atomic weapons. What has she to lose?

Guildford. DONALD TWEDDLE

THE VALUE OF A VOTE

SIR,—"The countryman's vote is still worth more than the townsman's vote." So wrote Wilfred Fienburgh in a recent issue. True—but there is no ground for the conclusion drawn from this, that *therefore* a Conservative's vote is worth more than a Labour vote. If anyone will take the trouble to work out the average electorate in constituencies won by Labour in 1951 and in those won by Conservatives, he will find that the difference is negligible; both come to 55,000-odd.

People who make a fuss about the alleged bias of the boundary revisions are only diverting attention from the far more serious cause of injustice—the fact that Labour's 37,491 majority in Hemsworth wins it only one seat, while the Conservatives have 37 seats for majorities totalling 36,159. So long as nearly all the very large majorities are Labour ones, single-member constituencies are bound to give a weighting against Labour, no matter if their boundaries are drawn by a commission of archangels.

That is the kind of injustice that needs attention, and the remedy for it would at the same time avoid the violation of local government boundaries and avoid all but the most infrequent changes. In 1918, the House of Lords drew up a schedule of constituences for election by P.R. Had that scheme been adopted, Labour would have had its fair share of seats in every election since granted, it would not have had a steamroller majority in 1945, but neither would it have been reduced to impotence in 1931), and nearly all of those constituencies could have remained with their boundaries unchanged to this day. A city like Leeds or Bristol would have been one undivided constituency, and if its electorate demanded a rise in representation to seven members or a fall to five, no redrawing of boundaries would have been required—the same people would just have voted in the same constituency for the new number of members.

ENID LAKEMAN

Proportional Representation Society,
86 Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

MORALITY AND "THE IMMORALIST"

SIR,—We have been far away in Hollywood, where our NEW STATESMAN did not penetrate through to us, and so we have only now read the exchange of letters between Mr. Hunter and Mr. Benn Levy about our play, *The Immoralist*.

The protection that Mr. Hunter welcomes for us, in the Lord Chamberlain's banning, is not one which we welcome for ourselves. Mr. Hunter may well remember that one does not put three years of work into the realising of a play in order to see it performed for only three weeks to a special audience. Plays are written for people, and the only judgments which are ever final in the theatre come from the people. Our play will have been seen in London by very few of them, unhappily, and, had it not been for the courage of the Arts Theatre management, would never have been seen at all. This is because on this one dread subject of homosexuality the most enlightened community in the Western world, your own, is forbidden to judge for itself what new ways of thinking and feeling and understanding might reveal to it, by one man—the Lord Chamberlain.

May we remind you that many plays have been received with catcalls and screams of horror by a first public, and have then gone on to find their audiences, to enlarge them and in the end to become staples of theatre repertory. But the play has to be see-able, available, tangible for this to happen. This is the chance the Lord Chamberlain denies you—and us.

The English liberal press is a great joy to us here in America, where free expression is having such a rough time of it these days. But sometimes we half-

1955
Year of hope?

What does next year hold in store for us? The peace and security that we need to live our lives in happiness? Or the continuing tension that has been straining human relations in recent years?

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similé when we think that dear old commercial Broadway finds the money and enthusiasm to pit itself against these worn-out and exhausted codes of moralising and belief that invest the thinking of your Lord Chamberlain. Since we feel that the theatre is a place where society acts out the problems of its conscience, we would be immoral ourselves if we did not deeply resent the Lord Chamberlain's power to keep us from our only real judges—the audience.

New York. RUTH and AUGUSTUS GOETZ

BRITISH JUSTICE

SIR,—In the article on "British Justice" by Mr. C. H. Rolph in the issue of December 11 your contributor quotes approvingly a statement in the *Daily Mirror* pamphlet *Spotlight on Justice* that the County Courts have not enough work to keep them busy for five days a week. This is certainly untrue of certain County Courts in London, notably the Marylebone County Court, where litigants starting proceedings in early December could not get a hearing date in the Judge's Court before March, and even then the case might well be adjourned for want of time or adjourned part heard.

It is most important that the County Courts should not be overloaded when their jurisdiction is increased. New Judges may be needed, and some of the present congestion in some Courts could also be relieved by increasing the jurisdiction of the Registrars, at present limited, in defended cases, to money claims where the sum claimed does not exceed £10. The change in the value of money alone would justify an increase in this limit and many civil cases today are efficiently and speedily dealt with by Registrars, who must be solicitors of at least seven years' standing.

C. F. WEGG-PROSSER

159 Edgware Road, W.2

TERROR IN IRAN

SIR,—It cannot be denied that up to now your periodical has always had an unprejudiced outlook on current affairs in the Middle East. It is, therefore, most distressing to me, and indeed to many other Iranians, that such a magazine should have lost its impartiality and, in its issue of December 11, followed the familiar pattern of certain recognised propagative and provocative publications by basing its judgment on fallacious allegations and reports concerning recent arrests and trials in Iran.

These newspapers would have the public believe that there have been arbitrary mass arrests involving some 10,000 civilians, and that these arrests are linked with the ratification of the Oil Agreement and aimed at terrorising those people who might resist foreign exploitation. Since there are not enough prisons in all Iran to accommodate 10,000 people, the fact is self-explanatory. That handful of infamous traitors, however, which was arrested not only would not resist foreign interest in Iran but was actually plotting to hand over the sovereignty of the country to foreign Powers. It is indeed only a very short time ago, namely August 1953, that these traitors consciously tried but failed to extend the Iron Curtain from the shores of the Caspian to the Persian Gulf. Even before that, during the grim winter of 1946, they strove, with the aid of Pishevari's puppet regime and his imported henchmen, to wrench from Iran her vital province of Azerbaijan.

The evidence gathered by the Security forces prior to and during the arrests and trials of these traitors was so overwhelming that not only did it prove them guilty but it also made them liable, in perfect accordance with the Iranian penal law passed some thirty years ago, to punishments ranging from imprisonment to death for espionage and conspiring to overthrow the constitutional Government. All the evidence was made known to the public through the press, and all those involved were tried in court and given all the privileges and civil rights enjoyed by Iranian citizens, which, by the standards of modern legislation, provide the greatest individual freedom.

It is indeed surprising that the press of a nation with the traditional motto of "Let Right Be Done" should look upon the execution of the established laws of another land as a regime of terror. And even more astonishing that it should accuse one of the most democratic and philanthropic sovereigns, His Majesty Mohammad Reza Shah, of actually encouraging the supposed reign of terror or even allowing his Prime Minister to do so, particularly, if you recall, when he used his prerogative to save the lives of his would-be assassins. Dr. Fatemi was convicted by the established laws of the land and duly punished. Karimpur Shirazi, on his second attempt to escape, his first effort having been a failure, was badly injured and expired in hospital.

S. H. V. SANANDAJI

Iranian Embassy, *Second Secretary*
London.

OYSTERS OF BOURG

SIR,—The report on Competition No. 1,292 questions the likelihood of oysters being found at Bourg in Burgundy and asserts that "huitres" in the poem means "simpletons." But why should that Burgundian town be renowned for its simpletons?

Surely the poem is perfectly straightforward: the town of Bourg to which Mellin de St. Gelais refers is not in Burgundy but on the Dordogne, just to the south of Angoulême where the poet was born, and not far from the sea.

At the risk of seeming pedantic, I would also point out that neither the setter nor any of the winners of the examination appears to have noticed that "une Sorbonique" was part of the examination set by the Sorbonne for a degree in Theology, and not "a schoolman."

G. C. NEWMAN

H. N. BRAILSFORD

SIR,—Will you please allow me to associate myself with your greetings to Mr. Brailsford?

As an Indian, I particularly remember his book *Subject India*. In the heyday of our fight with the British, we used to discuss his book and felt happy to know that he belonged to that small group of brave men who recognised and criticised the wrongs done by their own nation.

We, too, wish him many happy returns.

D. MURARKA

HIS RIVALS PRAISE HIM

SELDOM does one newspaper praise lavishly the talents of a rival. Impressive, therefore, when the Daily Mirror—in choosing the three outstanding journalists of 1954—nominates among them RENE MacCOLL of the DAILY EXPRESS. The reason: **'For his outstanding reports on life behind the Iron Curtain in Russia and China.'** MacColl has now written a book called JUST BACK FROM RUSSIA. What even the brilliant MacColl could not say at the time, because of censorship, he says now in this book. It is a most remarkable book, certainly the freshest and the most vividly informative so far written on Russia....

RENE MacCOLL

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Books in General

"GREAT HISTORY", H. A. L. Fisher once remarked, "was not made from laundry bills": the cabinet not the counting-house or the kitchen was the centre of events, the place where strategic decisions were taken and the future of the world was mapped out. Social history was about little things, political history about big ones.

Since the word *big* crept in front of the word *business*, it has become futile to pretend that problems of power can be separated from the history of everyday things, or that social and economic history can safely be left to sentimentalists and statisticians. The need is for well-documented case studies rather than for easy generalisations, and now an attempt has been made to meet the need with a massive history of one of the biggest twentieth-century combines.*

The enormous economic enterprise christened Unilever in 1929, buys and processes more than one-third of the whole tonnage of oils and fats which find their way into world commerce, trades in more places and in more products than any other concern in the world, employs nearly a quarter of a million people and counts its customers not in thousands but in millions. The story of how such an enterprise came into existence and grew to its present proportions is of interest to far more people than its 300,000 investors: it is one part, and a very important part, of the recent history of how business has grown big while the world has become small. Only a firm of the size, prestige and confident assurance of Unilever could have commissioned a professional economic historian to write two volumes which do full justice to the theme and finally dispose of any lingering belief that the history of soap is the history of laundry bills.

The giant combine of the twentieth century grew out of small family businesses in nineteenth-century England and Holland. The two Dutch firms of Jurgens and Van den Bergh both had their origins in the tiny North Brabant town of Oss, a place more noted for its lawlessness than for its economic enterprise: by 1872 they had both passed from the production of butter to the making of butterine", and by 1906 they had secured a dominant position in the new margarine market not only in Holland, which still preferred butter, but in industrial England and Germany. By the same year William Lever's soap-manufacturing concern, born in Lancashire in 1885, had become *primus inter pares* in the English soap trade and had carried "Sunlight" and "Lifebuoy" with missionary evangelism to places as far away as the Mississippi valley and Tasmania.

Between 1906 and 1914 the soap and margarine manufacturers began to divide the world in a hectic search for raw materials. Rapid technological change in both soap and margarine industries, which resulted in the use of an ever-widening range of tropical commodities, brought Englishmen and Dutchmen first into rivalry and then into collaboration with each other. The ultimate end-product was neither soap nor margarine, but Unilever.

All business histories begin with initial mysteries. It is not clear what formula the Jurgens used in their first witches'-cauldron experiments with oleo, milk and sliced udders in 1871, or why Jan Jurgens decided, one evening in the same year, to show his competitor Simon Van den Bergh a sample of his new product. It is no more clear when or where William Lever obtained the formula for his first self-washer soap. The name he gave it, "Sunlight", was suggested by a Liverpool trade-mark and patent agent in 1884. The exact place where it was found was, of course, immaterial: as one of Oscar Wilde's contemporaries put it, "any fool can make soap. It takes a clever man to sell it".

Lever was more than a clever man: he was a business genius for whom profits were power and business was life. "It enables me to do things". Anton Jurgens, the greatest personality in the Dutch margarine business, was equally boundless in his energy and ambition. "His brain teemed with projects and speculations, with plots and counter-plots": his decisions were swift and ruthless, and he would brook no contradiction or criticism. Both men quickly became more familiar with the small world of the twentieth century than any of their more famous political contemporaries. Africa and the Antarctic mattered to them as much as England and Holland. By 1913 Anton's favourite nickname was "the Prince of Whales": by 1911 Lever was signing treaties with the colony of the Belgian Congo like a sovereign prince.

It is not surprising that such men cared little for "the timidity of the banker's mind", occasionally spurned auditors—Lever "did not care for fifty Auditors' certificates, they would never make dividends"—and always regarded debentures and loans as chains around their necks. The attraction of business lay in its risk. During the first world war, every problem created by the conflict was an opportunity and a challenge to Jurgens: to Lever his growing concern was an empire with its own capital. Port Sunlight, where he felt "disposed" to make life pleasant—"*viz.*, nice houses, comfortable homes, and healthy recreation"—for his workers. Carefully and deliberately he secured complete control of the ordinary shares of the public limited liability company he set up in 1894, and allowed the public to hold preference shares only. "I find the costume and position a little chilly but bracing," he declared, "and decidedly exciting—very like driving a Motor Car down a hill with the brakes off."

Mr. Wilson tells us little of Lever's private financial rewards for what was clearly a profitable as well as an exciting outing, but he does communicate the sense of exhilaration. It persisted even in years like 1909 when "we can put all the profit there is in soap at present in our eye without danger of permanent injury to the eyesight". Somehow, one feels, even without the relevant statistics, that much else besides soap got into Lever's eyes between 1884 and 1909.

Samuel Smiles would have called such a career a triumph of self-help, and in later life Lever presented a copy of *Self-Help* to every boy of impressionable age in whom he was interested. He liked to believe in the creed of individual success. "The very thought of large combinations," he remarked as late as 1903, "is always alarming to us". It is the main purpose of Mr. Wilson's study to show how such a simple philosophy of business provided the foundations of one of the biggest combines in history. Genius adapted itself to necessity. The continued demand of new technological processes for capital, the risks of the raw material market which made producers sigh for vertical integration, the uncertainties of the dairy-produce market and new conceptions of management were powerful factors making for concentration and eventually amalgamation.

The story of Unilever is concerned, like the story of modern politics, with the change from men to measures, with the emergence of managerial responsibility and with the growth of business as an institution and as a system of power. The "very thought of large combinations" is still alarming in 1955, but it is a large section of the public—including the African public—and not the men of enterprise, who are on the alert. Mr. Wilson's hope, a common one, is that "to the extent that strong prejudices still remain against it, the large private business may be less liable to fall into the temptation to abuse its power than other forms of business that run less risk of public criticism". "It might even be argued", he concludes very questionably, "that in these days what the large business possesses is not power but only the appearance of power".

It would be wrong to claim that the makers of the network of business ententes, alliances and mergers of 1906 to 1939 were hunters of shadows: their achievement was a very real one, although the means by which it was secured were often complicated and cumbrous. Mr. Wilson's two volumes provide the best open guide which has yet appeared to business diplomacy and warfare, to the immense variety of relationships which separate unrestricted competition from final fusion and identity of interests.

Lever disliked "monopoly", but he disliked unrestricted competition even more—"frenzied competition" he considered it, a threat to the quality of consumer goods as well as to the profit of the manufacturers. As early as 1906, confronted with a sharp rise in raw material prices, he urged a "working arrangement" between soap-makers based on an exchange of shares. Angry criticism in the press prevented his scheme from being put into effect: Port Sunlight was denounced as Port Moonshine, and "soap arithmetic" was identified with fifteen ounces to the pound. What could not be achieved dramatically in 1906 was eventually achieved, however, far more quietly and steadily, by the gradual building-up of a network of associated firms: the holding company, not the trust, was the appropriate organisational shell. By 1914 business under Lever's control provided nearly half the soap used in the United Kingdom, and faced only one serious native competitor: in a great spate of "reconstruc-

* *The History of Unilever: A Study in Economic Growth and Social Change.* By CHARLES WILSON. *Cassell.* 2 Vols. 45*s.*

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The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy

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tion" in the boom years of 1919 and 1920, Lever—now Viscount Leverhulme—extended his control over most of the remaining section of the privately owned soap industry

The same processes can be traced in Holland The raw materials crisis of 1906 forced Jurgens and Van den Bergh into an uneasy partnership—a profit-pooling agreement of 1908, which was renewed in 1913 and 1920. Although no profits were ever pooled, and it was never clear whether the agreement was an amicable combination or a cover for bitter competition, it was never completely shelved. A pretty quarrel in 1927 ended not in divorce but in a complete union of the two concerns. The way was now prepared for the greater union of 1929, for of the groups destined to become part of Unilever there were now only three left, the third a Central European concern. A year later the three became two, and finally on September 2nd, 1929, a few weeks before the beginning of the Great Depression, Unilever was formed. It was by an anonymous stroke of international ingenuity that its name was coined.

Appropriately, the form of organisation owed most neither to Lever Bros. nor Jurgens' but to Van den Berghs', the most wary and conservative element in the alliance. As early as 1922 the latter had been split into two companies, English and Dutch, to avoid double taxation: the model was followed in 1929. On paper there were two new Boards, Unilever Ltd. in England and Unilever N.V. in Holland, but the membership of the Boards was identical. Two in one and one in two was a very different sort of mystery from those hidden in the origins of the nineteenth-century enterprise, and this time it was the Chancellor of the Exchequer who inspired it. This and many other recent mysteries are so successfully interpreted by Mr. Wilson that it will be impossible for any reader of this book ever to buy a Unilever product again without reconstructing eighty years of European economic history.

ASA BRIGGS

EVOLUTION

Quite soon, their first attraction turned revulsion:
The usual thing, when things are opposite.
Later on, they resumed their first impulsion,
Obliquely though: with such procrastination,
They moved no faster than a stalactite,
Inside a cavern, to its succubus.
How slow, how dull, at plotting their equation!
And then their curve, though quite continuous,
Showed plus, and minus differentiation.

They both trod warily; thought they sensed a trap;
And yet experienced a queer elation
Through steady diminution of the gap
Sometimes by calm, sometimes by violent motion,
Vanishing in an ultimate acceleration
Too great by far to have sprung from just one spark
(But two of course). The sun of their explosion
Shone out so bright, it turned a whole sky dark.
Just then began the process of erosion.

At once. But they had the good luck to seek
A natural balance for their new creation
By the right method: having no technique
At all. They made the jungle, steppe, acquire
The fertile order of high cultivation
By gaiety and change and casual innovation
And trust in luck. The touch was silk, though wire
Its nerve. They learned the law of conflagration:
Keenest burning goes with smoothest fire.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Simenon

Violent Ends. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

The output of Simenon is now so enormous that it must have swamped all chances of there being Simenon experts who know their vintages in any more than a hazy and intoxicated way. He fails in only one *genre:* the long novels set in Le Havre and, is it also, in Bordeaux? In these he seems to be re-writing Mauriac, replacing the Faith by the Sûreté, and he is too clever by half for the long novel. He multiplies his points of observation to such an extent that his eye becomes too active, he thinks of too many ideas, and there is no focus. The *nouvelle* is his true form. Here, in my opinion, he is better without Maigret. This detective has the distinction of being the only one I can think of in fiction whose job leaves him with a bad taste in his mouth and who is profoundly depressed by the kind of people he has to deal with; but detective fiction is a branch of the jigsaw industry; it is a game and, quite necessarily, it flattens character. Simenon is not a natural puzzler; his subject is crime and the criminal; how from life-long disposition, heredity, disease or from the sudden pressure upon the hidden abscess of physical or moral degeneracy, a man or woman will shoot, poison or strangle another. Simenon knows that murder is squalid and horrible: the blood gets everywhere, on the chairs and the curtains, the face is blown off, the dead gape stupidly. He also is able to convey that a crime is simply one more event in the course of any day in any place. His ability to evoke a landscape casually at that moment when it has lost its vacancy and innocence and has become implicated and memorable, is extraordinary. Those foggy canals in Flanders, those rainy Belgian towns, the details of provincial life—all are done in a few acid words. He achieves this by the selection of one or two decisive impressions, and when, as in the present translated book, he turns from Flanders to the totally different American scene, he loses nothing of his gift of particularity. An instant—sunrise at Miami—is caught in *The Brothers Rico* in these words:

> The sea was calm. All he heard was one small wave, the one which, forming not far offshore in a barely perceptible undulation, rolled on to the sand in a sparkling curl and churned up thousands of shells.

In *Belle* again a pretty, genteel little town in Connecticut is caught as the cars cut the first snow. Simenon has learned the lesson of Maupassant and Flaubert.

It is applied, of course, to the glum world of human depravity only. Simenon has gone for his crimes to those families where respectability and puritanism store up the illnesses, hatreds, greeds and unconscious desires in the backwaters of middle-class life. Where situations stick and inertia has come to be regarded as virtue. He seeks the human being who has closed the door on nature and he waits, without pleasure, for nature's inevitable revenge. The desire to be respectable at all costs, to play safe, to be thought reliable, is (as he will show us in the gangster story, *The Brothers Rico*) as much part of the criminal life as it is of the lawful. One brother leads another to his murderers, knowingly, pityingly, helplessly; but the real current which is carrying him towards the betrayal is the cowardice that underlies his wish to be the safe man, the "accountant" of the organisation. He is unable to transcend a virtue which is based on mistrust of life; his hell has been created by men who may be more wicked than he, but who have no mistrust at all. The Italo-American gangster has now become a bore and Simenon arrives late on the scene; but he has documented the subject with his usual thoroughness, has grasped the essence at once. It is a pleasure to find that the toughness and sentimentality of this kind of tale has been drained off, and the introduction of the Cain and Abel theme is precisely that intellectual "second turn of the screw," which transforms a hackneyed subject. In most of Simenon's stories there is a wit

of conception. Those early critics who compared him with Flaubert were right up to a point, but only up to the point of method. Simenon is *kitsch* simply because he is method and ways and means. His tales are framed not by some general feeling or idea about life; they live only in their own efficiency.

Belle, the first story in *Violent Ends*, is a more ingenious and original construction. It is the brilliant and gradual unveiling of an upright schoolmaster who is falsely accused of raping and murdering a girl who lives in his house; and the point is that the accusation unveils guiltlessness to itself. The schoolmaster's knowledge of his own innocence and the shock of accusation stir up his buried concern with sin and he is shown gradually living out the repressed tendencies in his life. This study has the thoroughness, the surprise and the completeness of a case history which has been entirely removed from the psychiatrist's notes and has been put back into life; and that is where Simenon excels as a psychologist. He puts his cases back into living. The storytelling is bold in its small details, in its selection of episode and in its timing; and, all the time, he is glancing out of the Connecticut window at some small but pertinent thing in the daily American scene and making a story become part of a day that has been lived in a place. In the literature of crime and detection this gift is not unique—but it is extremely rare.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Phoney War

Documents on German Foreign Policy 1918-45. Series D, VIII. September 4, 1939, to March 18, 1940. *H.M.S.O.* 30*s*.

We are becoming jaded with volumes of diplomatic documents. Their bulk, their jargon, their insistence on forgotten issues combine to make them unreadable. The present volume, in particular, has had a poor press. The Stationery Office apparently omitted to send out review copies until late in the day; and the newspapers grabbed hurriedly at anything which would provide a headline. They found their sensation in gossip about the Duke of Windsor—gossip that would not have been worth publishing if it concerned any lesser mortal and which is obviously without foundation. If the journalists had had more time, they might have unearthed more curious items—no doubt also exaggerations, but this time with a more circumstantial air. For instance, in the autumn of 1939 the Germans received a good many hints that a group in the British Government was ready to disavow Churchill and to make peace if some face-saving arrangement could be made in Poland. To take one example at random. In November, 1939, Mr. Butler (then Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs) is reported to have told the Italian Ambassador "that Churchill's speech [of Nov. 12] was in conflict with the Government's views not only in the present instance". According to the same source, while Mr. Butler wanted "concrete guarantees that such attacks [i.e. as those against Poland] cannot be repeated in the future", he also "denied in the most categorical manner that it was the intention of his Government to demand evacuation of Poland by German troops; the absurdity of such a demand, which Germany—or any other Great Power—could never accept, was obvious, he added". It is also curious to read of Lord Halifax showing "lively interest" for suggested peace terms which included "an alliance between the belligerent countries, together with Italy and Spain, to guarantee the peace in Europe (Russia omitted!)".

Every statesman makes indiscretions or is falsely reported. There is a question of more serious import throughout this volume, a question which the documents go far to answer. Was there ever a chance of peace in the autumn of 1939? Or, to put it another way, would Hitler have welcomed a chance of breaking with Soviet Russia and going over to the side of the West? The answer is important for such as Mr. Trevor-Roper, who believe that Hitler's heart was in war against Soviet Russia and in no other. It is important also for all who are now seeking to demonstrate German enthusiasm for the crusade against Bolshevism. There were such sincere crusaders—Goering, for example, a real advocate of European unity, who ought to have been acclaimed at Nuremberg instead of being sentenced to death! But Ribbentrop was an equally sincere enthusiast for the Nazi-Soviet pact—not from any profound understanding, but merely because he was its author.

It is a different matter when we come to Hitler. Here we discover with every new scrap of evidence a man truly beyond good or evil, unprincipled as no one has been except Napoleon. Hitler could really judge a situation as it existed at the moment without worrying about systems of geopolitics or what he said the day before. Of course he did not believe Ribbentrop's nonsense about Stalin's honesty and reliability; but he believed equally little in his mission to save Europe from Bolshevism. Every step in his policy was a prelude to something further. He was a man without aims—the greatest asset for success (or failure). The Nazi-Soviet pact prepared the way for victory in the West; and that in its turn was intended as preparation for victory in the East. If he had reached Moscow he would then have turned round and aimed at Washington in an indefinite process of achieving success on a greater and greater scale. This is, of course, insanity. And perhaps he was always mad. If he was ever sane, he certainly became mad in the six months covered by these documents. After the conquest of Poland, Hitler could have no stopping-place until he reached the bunker at Berlin.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Explosive Criticism

Wordsworth: A Re-interpretation. By F. W. BATESON. *Longmans*. 21*s*.

This book is primarily a critical, not a biographical, study; but in Mr. Bateson's view a radical criticism of Wordsworth's poetry must depend upon a radical criticism of the man. Towards the end of the book the author raises an intimate question about the precise nature of the relation between William and Dorothy Wordsworth. This will offend many readers into shocked protest and bitter rejection. Nevertheless, one is obliged to consider what the book proposes to do. This "introductory critical report on Wordsworth as a poet and a man," Mr. Bateson says, "makes no claim to say the last word about any aspect of the Wordsworthian problem, either critical, biographical, or historical. The point of view and the tone of voice are perhaps the distinctive features." If in the course of his exposition Mr. Bateson's tone becomes unguardedly assertive, if his reconstructive enthusiasm leads him to neglect some of the niceties of scholarly qualification from sentence to sentence, the reader is not entitled to overlook Mr. Bateson's regard for the delicacy of the subject and for the insubstantiality of some of the evidence.

> It will be necessary . . . to try and define states of mind of which Wordsworth was not wholly conscious himself, which he sometimes misunderstood or tried to suppress. The evidence, of course, is always inadequate and sometimes non-existent. I have often had to guess and no doubt I have often guessed wrong. But there is no other alternative. If Wordsworth's poetry is to go on being read it must be *understood*, fully and consciously.

Any final judgment of the book will have to answer the question, not only whether the biographical reconstruction is correct in every detail, but also whether—resting responsibly upon as much factual evidence as is available—it does in fact illuminate the poetry.

If Mr. Bateson had told us more about the actual progress of his inquiry, the chronological record of events would not have made it difficult for a reader to distinguish between what is factual and what is admittedly conjectural. His procedure can, however, be reconstructed. He started (he tells us) by trying to define the precise change that occurred in Wordsworth's poetic practice in the summer of 1798. Having established a working distinction between Wordsworth's "two voices"—the outer and the inner emphasis, the conscious and the unconscious mind, the Augustan and the Romantic—he found that *Tintern Abbey* marked an abrupt turn from the Augustan impersonal manner of the Lyrical Ballads to an intensely personal and somewhat unfocused Romantic manner. Examining the poetry further, he found that *Tintern Abbey* marked Wordsworth's transition from one phase to another—each phase being about six years long, the poetry following a curve from a personal and more or less chaotic manner to stability in that fusion of the "two voices" which Coleridge especially admired. The earlier poetic pattern was found to be closely associated with the progress of his relations with Annette Vallon—his love for her, his abandoning her, and finding emotional recovery through poetry and the influence of a few intimates. Here we are on solid ground. Looking backward beyond the Annette cycle, Mr. Bateson detected an earlier six-year phase in the poetry—less distinct, but discernible (he feels) through the slender evidence; and again the cycle of love, rejection, withdrawal, stability. Looking forward beyond *Tintern Abbey*, a similar poetic arc could be traced, and the question then arose whether the psychological cycle had also repeated itself.

Since the publication in 1941 of the full text of Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journals*, Wordsworth scholars have been confronted by a psychological fact which they have preferred not to discuss in public—probably because it was not seen to have any literary relevance. This fact is the unusual, certainly unnatural, probably morbid relation between William and Dorothy as recorded in the

Grasmere Journal from its first entry (14 May, 1800) until William's marriage to Mary Hutchinson (4 October, 1802). Mr. Bateson quotes some of the relevant entries: to see them collected together strikes one with a sense of horror. No matter how reluctant one may be to accept the evidence, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the relationship—though it evidently did not reach any scandalous conclusion—was in acute danger of becoming incestuous. Wordsworth, it is safe to assert, would resist such a possibility with the whole force of his will and character, consciously and unconsciously; and one would certainly expect to find in his poetry evidence of violent withdrawal whether or not the precise nature of the crisis had reached the level of his conscious attention.

Bearing in mind the potentially incestuous relation and the certainty that Wordsworth would reject such a situation, some poems and events take on an altered significance: the "Lucy" poems may be involved; the autobiographical Goslar verse and the sudden dominance of a recollective strain look like the mechanism of withdrawal. The early move from Germany to Sockburn, for example, *may* have been simply for convenience. But Mr. Bateson, dramatically extending to earlier events the ascertainable evidence of the Grasmere Journal, says that William and Dorothy had fallen in love in the autumn of 1798, that William became aware of this in Germany, that in the "Lucy" poems he had symbolically (though probably not consciously) killed Dorothy, and returned to England as quickly as possible to rescue himself from an intolerable situation by marrying Mary Hutchinson.

All this makes very good sense psychologically. It was incautious of Mr. Bateson, however, to forget that those who were disinclined to face up to the evidence of the Grasmere Journal would be ill-disposed to enter into the spirit of his dramatic conjectural reconstruction of the whole process. One would have preferred a more tentative and carefully modulated statement of what is admittedly conjecture. But argument will not destroy the evidence of the Journal; the reconstruction Mr. Bateson develops from that evidence—whether or not it proves in the end to be correct—makes sense of inscrutable passages in the poems; and that after all is what Mr. Bateson set out to do.

This is a responsible and impressive, if explosive, piece of criticism. Forced by an analysis of the poems to examine the details of Wordsworth's life, Mr. Bateson has produced an account of the early life—partly factual and partly conjectural—which in turn illuminates the poems. And, as in all good criticism, the scaffolding does not in the end stand in the light. The author evidently does not doubt that some adjustment of detail, some further analysis, the search for additional factual evidence, and an extension of the re-interpretation over a wider range of poems, will now be needed. But the bold outline is firm and suggestive enough to serve as the basis for co-operative effort. Throughout the book there is much original, perceptive, and informative criticism. I regret the tone of some passages, and would defer from some details in Mr. Bateson's interpretation. But the story, when finally unfolded, has enhanced the substance of the poems, concentrated their force, and renewed their vitality. And when the book has been fully absorbed, it will be found that the whole question of William and Dorothy has dropped out of sight, and that our understanding of Wordsworth's greatest poetry—its violent terror and its agonised integrity—has been deepened and illuminated.

GEORGE WHALLEY

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A Brisk Trot

A Short History of French Literature. By GEOFFREY BRERETON. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

There are three ways of summarising French (or any other) literary history: to enumerate, to select, or to distil. Enumeration used to be favoured by those drably omniscient primers assembled like duty parties, with a standard greeting for everyone to atone for years of neglect. Selection, the simple alternative, produced *Landmarks in French Literature*, where Lytton Strachey introduced his favourite celebrities with slightly breathless reverence, concluding with a prepared speech about "the one high principle which, through so many generations, has guided like a star the writers of France . . ." A similar approach was that of Laurence Bisson in the *Short History of French Literature* previously published by Penguin Books: but here caprice rather than convention seemed to be the watchword, and "a genial old cove" like Hugo was startled by digs in the ribs. It was left to Dr. Brereton to choose the third alternative. Distilling the essence of his subject, he has written a book as comprehensive as the old-fashioned primer, as vivid as Lytton Strachey's, and far more acute than both.

Like almost all historians, he welcomes and exploits the chronological divisions made by the Renaissance and the Revolution. Within their triple framework, he leaves to the specialist the detailed history of the middle ages, enlarging more fully the Classical and Romantic eras that follow. The emphasis is reasonable; but the division itself has drawbacks. Rabelais, for Dr. Brereton, "symbolizes the uncouth vitality of the early Renaissance whose shaggy scholars, ravaging through the formal pastures of the medieval rhetoricians, left havoc behind them but also fertility": but, like Montaigne, Rabelais was in some ways "medieval," just as "formal pastures" typified part of the Renaissance. The nineteenth century, likewise, makes no neat contrast with the eighteenth: Stendhal on the one hand, and Chateaubriand on the other, both continued traditions with much older roots. This Dr. Brereton confesses; and his arrangement is in any case convenient. But it may perhaps obscure the further changes in sensibility at the beginning of the twentieth century. In 1922, in a letter to Gide, Rilke wrote as follows:

> Proust, en nous forçant sur tant de points de changer notre manière de voir, en découvrant partout les véritables traditions de nos sentiments—n'allait-il pas jusqu'a changer les habitudes de nos facultés admiratives?

His question deserves an answer.

The story, nevertheless, shows continuity as much as contrast: and here Dr. Brereton's arrangement proves its worth. In each section he varies pace and subject-matter with deceptive guile, pressing through such deserts as the verse of the Enlightenment to such green pastures as the Romantic novel, or turning from Marcel Aymé in one chapter to Mme de Staël in the next. He is lively as well as shrewd. He brightens a discussion of the fifteenth-century romance with references to Dornford Yates and to the modern Western: he says of Du Bellay's later sonnet-form, "It is terrific, like an eagle in a sack." He speaks of the "frozen exuberance" of seventeenth-century burlesque; and of Verlaine he remarks that "to read his verse for long is to feel like a fly drowning in a medium-sweet Sauternes." Perhaps his most telling asset is an ability to be coolly exact:

> His last novel, *Monsieur Ouine*, had an incoherence which suggests that Bernanos's obsession with damnation had grown beyond the resources of literature.

In so dazzling an array of impressionistic judgments, many are bound to be controversial. One instance is the treatment of Corneille, who fared rather badly three years ago in the author's biography of Racine. Now, Dr. Brereton gives enough rope to "psychological" exegesis of *Le Cid*, only to condemn it quite firmly, and to belittle rather unpleasantly the quality of Corneille's verse. Elsewhere, he deals harshly with Flaubert, Apollinaire, and Jean Cocteau, whom he compares unfavourably with that rich man's Rattigan, Jean Anouilh. All this may follow from Dr. Brereton's conception of poetry as something alien to "realism"; but in general it leaves his vision unblurred. Surprisingly, he does justice to Surrealism, speaks firmly but kindly of Aragon, and deplores the current neglect of Musset. He is correspondingly strict with some of the writers once over-praised in England—Daudet, Renan, and Anatole France. Even the prose style of Voltaire, so often uncritically lauded, is here examined sharply: and the whole tone of the volume is similarly alert. With 331 pages of text, a table of comparative dates, and an up-to-date bibliography, this is one of the Penguins' most brisk trots with the most cultured of minds. It deserves to become a classic.

RICHARD MAYNE

Soothed or Provoked?

The Scientific Revolution, 1500-1800. By A. R. HALL. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Science in History. By J. D. BERNAL. *Watts.* 42*s.*

That scientific inventions and techniques have had a determining influence on the rise and development of civilisations is as obvious to the modern historian as it was hidden from his academic grandfathers. But scientific knowledge and ideas are themselves the product of civilised life. How is one then to describe the relation between the two, and why was it that in the years between 1500 and 1800 scientific ideas for the first time played a fundamental part in the social and economic development of the Western world?

As one might have expected Professor Bernal and Dr. Hall approach this question in ways as different as Marxism is from nineteenth-century liberalism. Both authors are distinguished men of learning and both books are rich mines of detailed information. Dr. Hall limits his canvas to the three hundred years following the Renais-

sance and sets himself the task of analysing in detail the intellectual developments which culminated in the modern scientific approach. The emphasis of the book is on the new lines of thought in the physical and biological sciences, and how these lines of thought originated in the minds of the outstanding figures of the period. As a scholarly and critical review of the logic behind the new ideas, Dr. Hall's book is beyond criticism, but one is left with an unsatisfied feeling that the most important general questions about the scientific revolution have been left untouched. In his concluding chapter Dr. Hall expresses the extreme agnostic attitude to questions such as the relation of science to economic history on the one hand, and technical developments on the other.

> Why in modern Europe alone did [men] move from the intermediate to the modern stage? The answer cannot be simple, or single. It requires psychological and philosophical insight, as well as a command of the historical facts, to which we have as yet scarcely attained, for the operation, the incidence, and the impact of the creative intellect are almost unknown. . . . Still less hopeful is the economic interpretation of the history of science, which seeks to tell us why men sought for control over natural forces, but cannot explain how they were able to acquire it . . . we cannot write the full history of science save by reflecting the operations of original thought, which we do not understand; and . . . we cannot exclude from science, which is rational, the influence of factors which are irrational.

This sentence, with minor adaptations, might have appeared in a review by Dr. Hall of Professor Bernal's book, so let us allow Professor Bernal to reply. Here is a quotation from his introductory chapter:

> This has led to a concept of science as if it were due solely to the genius of great men, and were consequently largely divorced from the effect of social and economic factors. The hold of the "great men" myth on the history of science has indeed lasted far longer than in social and political history. Many histories of science are, in fact, little more than the stories of great discoverers to whom came in a kind of apostolic succession epoch-making revelations of the secrets of nature . . . The greater the man, the more he is soaked in the atmosphere of his time; only thus can he get a wide enough grasp of it to be able substantially to change the pattern of knowledge and action.

Professor Bernal's book is an attempt to do just what in these words he accuses other scientific historians of leaving undone. He realises that in order to understand the unique character of the modern scientific revolution one must go back in history and ask why it did not occur, for example, in seemingly favourable circumstances, at the beginning of the Christian era when mechanical ingenuity had already developed the steam-engine in rudimentary form. Professor Bernal's analysis is fundamentally Marxian, but one must admit that the correlation which he establishes between scientific development and the rise to power of new social classes is extremely suggestive, and probably contains a considerable element of truth. The corollary of this generalisation, that a politically stable society with an entrenched ruling class and a limited market for consumption, is not favourable to scientific development, also seems to be well established by the evidence which he brings to bear.

Possibly the Marxian theory of history is at its most successful when dealing with this very question, and Professor Bernal has therefore had little need to use rhetoric where critical analysis of the facts is sufficient to establish his main theme. However, when in the second part of the book he enters the twentieth century, one finds his analysis less convincing and sometimes perverse. It seems unnecessary and wrong-headed to extrapolate the Marxian view of scientific development to a period where science has reached full maturity and has gathered sufficient momentum to carry it ahead on its own, almost, if not quite, regardless of political circumstances. It is idle to pretend that there is anything very different in the theory and practice of science in the West and in the East. Science is applied and misapplied indiscriminately all over the industrial world, and though we all wish earnestly that the nations would beat their swords into ploughshares, the fulfilment of this wish will not be brought nearer by distinguishing bourgeois idealistic science from the kind of science which is practised in China and the Soviet Union.

The fundamental difference between these two books, each of which may be regarded as its author's *magnum opus*, is that while one is content to record, the other insists on a special interpretation. It is a matter of individual taste whether one prefers to be soothed or provoked. Dr. Hall has taken the safe course of saying nothing that could possibly arouse disagreement. Professor Bernal, at the other extreme, is his customary controversial self. His book invites, and will undoubtedly stimulate, a great deal of criticism and discussion.

H. C. LONGUET-HIGGINS

A Most Remarkable Human Being

The Spirit of Liberty. By JUDGE LEARNED HAND. Edited by IRVING DILLIARD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Judge Learned Hand is "one of those great figures who owe nothing to the apparatus of organised sycophancy and rise in respect and power by the mere force of their character and endowments" (this is his own description of an American Chief Justice but peculiarly applicable to himself). Devoid by nature of vanity, the occupational disease of the Bar, he has, since he reached the Bench, forty-five years and 2,000 judgments ago, shown no signs of coming to believe that he personally brought back the tablets from Sinai and drafted the American Constitution. He has the essential qualities of the great judge—integrity, learning and a passionate aptitude for the exploration of the debatable land called "truth." He is also, and this is uncommon, as familiar with literature and philosophy as he is with the Law Reports, has a lively sense of humour and a great heart, radiates a zest for life which time has not abated and is 83 years young.

All men, Mr. Isaiah Berlin recently suggested, can be divided into two classes—hedgehogs and foxes. The hedgehogs relate everything to a single central vision, while the foxes pursue many ends, connected, if at all, only in some *de facto* way. Lawyers are natural foxes: judges such as Learned Hand are occasionally hedgehogs. The big thing he knows about is the paradoxical nature of truth and the climate in which it flourishes—liberty.

"We see the judges look like lions but we do not see who moves them," said Selden. Mr. Dilliard's collection of the Judge's papers and addresses is interesting chiefly for its peep behind the Bench at a remarkable human being, informed and sometimes modified by the American traditions of which he is the product. A line of lawyers and preachers, Harvard, old-fashioned New York, have all left their mark; the wide political tolerance rooted in personal moral intransigence, scepticism, irony and above all Aristotelian moderation are the man himself.

These fugitive pieces, inevitably uneven and more remarkable for acumen than originality of thought, contain some sensitive and percipient appreciations of judges and lawyers—Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo—a great many astringent asides on the predicaments of modern civilisation and three discourses on aspects of the judicial function which make one regret that some of the Judge's own judgments were not included. (Max Lerner accomplished this with great skill in his *Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes.*) Every book has a flavour of its own, this one evokes all that is best in America. It tastes, in fact, like a good apple.

WILLIAM HUGHES

SHORTER REVIEWS

Queen Anne's Son. By HESTER CHAPMAN. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Anne, Princess of Denmark and later Queen of England, conceived, between 1683 and 1700, eighteen children. Twelve of these miscarried; five died in infancy. Only one, the Duke of Gloucester (fourth of the live births) survived for as long as eleven years. In her absorbing, sometimes startling account of this short royal life Mrs. Chapman, already at her ease in the seventeenth-century Court, has drawn largely on the intimate anecdotal memoir left by Jenkin Lewis, a young Welshman in the Duke's service. "He had," wrote Lewis, who was not uncritical, "more promising natural parts than any child I ever met with: I liked to be with him." The reproduced portraits (by Kneller and Huysmans) confirm the impression of grace and intelligence; a page of quaint and elegant schoolroom writing lends a further sad and childlike charm. But in the hothouse atmosphere of exaggerated attention, we can also see the boy as wilful, tempestuous, proud. Military affairs were his passion. "After all," he was heard to murmur, "I love the English march on the drum above all things in the world." At five, he formed his own troop from the household children; worked out manoeuvres. But at eight, all childish games and women attendants were put away; he was placed in a vast adult *ménage*. Bishop Burnet instructed him in the theory and practice of theology, geography, history. The hazards of being a prince, which now do not go beyond the vulgarising effects of modern publicity, included then the horrors of medical ignorance continuously applied. Much cherished, much spoilt, much disciplined, over stimulated, a perfect courtier and a restless aspirant to martial glory, this interesting, solitary child died (in spite of bleedings and blisterings) of the family disease—not venereal but hydrocephalic in kind. Had he lived, the line of succession would most likely have taken a different course; certainly his intense military prepossessions would not

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have lain idle. Educationalists, parents, physicians will not find less than the historian to ponder on in the implications of this little story.

Ben-Gurion of Israel. By BARNET LITVINOFF. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

If the Labour Government had imposed partition on Palestine in 1946, Weizmann would have been known as the founder of Israel and Ben-Gurion remained an insignificant party leader. It was the unnecessary war caused by Ernest Bevin which destroyed Weizmann's policy, gave to his rival his hour of greatness and, after the war had been won, made him the architect of the new State. For this reason it is strange that, in his new biography of Ben-Gurion, Mr. Litvinoff should have dealt so scrappily with the years after 1947. His account of the Jewish war of independence adds nothing to previous publications except the apocryphal story that the Haganah leaders were not prepared to adopt the strategy of "no retreat" until inspired to do so by Ben-Gurion's leadership. In fact, of course, this strategy was forced on the military leaders by the facts of Palestinian geography. Mr. Litvinoff's treatment of the post-war period is equally unsatisfactory, since he makes no serious attempt to form a critical assessment of Ben-Gurion's domestic or foreign policy. However, his book will become indispensable to English students of Israeli affairs because it summarises the facts about Ben-Gurion's early life in the Russian Pale, his first struggles as a labourer in Palestine and the complex Zionist politics in which he immersed himself for so many years. Even if the descriptions of forgotten political manœuvres and forgotten politicians become a little tedious in the telling, it is useful to have a full record of who Ben-Gurion was and what he did before he became important.

Medieval Merchant Venturers. By E. M. CARUS-WILSON. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

The articles which are here reprinted from the pages of learned journals have as their common theme the development of England's oversea trade during the Middle Ages. They are not argumentative, but descriptive in the manner of Clapham; only for a few pages at the end is there a dazzling display of pure scholarly argument, when Professor Carus-Wilson demonstrates the pitfalls of the aulnage accounts.

The book is thus perfectly available for the general reader. Will it also be attractive to him? He will find, of course, a number of engaging stories: he will read of Henry I reserving for himself the tongues of all porpoises caught on his land; of Irish peasants who, despite sumptuary laws, swathed themselves in thirty yards of linen smocking; of piracy and chicanery on the high seas; of commercial and embattled bishops; of the high-mettled Mistress Olof, "a woman pleasant to behold," who, hearing of her husband's murder, put on a shirt of mail with a woman's dress over it and went out to wreak tenfold vengeance. These details are drawn from the most diverse and driest of sources; where the text launches out into—"we can well imagine him in his fur-trimmed gown of rich scarlet . . .", the footnote says: "*Abstracts of wills, ut supra, passim.*" But it would be misleading to suggest that the reader will find himself continuously entertained. The purpose of these essays was to contribute to historical knowledge, sometimes (as in the long survey of Bristol) by setting out in detail a pattern whose outlines were already half known, sometimes (as in the classic essay on fulling mills) by using meagre and hitherto disregarded evidence to revise an accepted view. The purpose has been fulfilled; the process retains its fascination for the student.

The Classical Heritage and its Beneficiaries. By R. R. BOLGAR. *Cambridge.* 45*s.*

This long, learned and beautifully produced book is a history of thought and education rather than of literary influence. Though its main use will be for scholars who want to know which of the authors available were studied in the successive ages, Dr. Bolgar's sociological theme is of wider interest. It is that men consulted the ancients not from disinterested curiosity but to obtain what they needed at the time: the Carolingians used Latin studies to instruct the clergy in their profession; the early middle ages to increase knowledge of law, logic and the sciences; the medieval burghers, rejected from the prestige of sanctity and nobility, found in Rome the self-respect of being a member of a city-state, and began to pay professors to teach them Greek. There is a kind of drama in the recurrent tension between classical virtue that springs from personal excellence, and Christian goodness depending on grace; and a touch of humour in the means used to draw the teeth of paganism: to treat classical literature linguistically was the tried favourite, but allegory and the selection of texts had their day. Dr. Bolgar doesn't mention a recent one—of pretending there was no difference, or the modern one which is to point it out.

Among things well said are: "The Ionian philosophers had never explained anything without at the same time attempting to explain everything," and, "scientific and technical studies can be more easily reconciled with the desire and pursuit of the partial." But these sentences shine bright in rather murky writing that prefers abstractions to examples and defines *paronomasia* (pun) as "a kind of alliterative parallelism." There are some surprising generalisations, as that the Greeks were exceptional among societies that knew how to write in possessing a lively poetic tradition, and that allegorical thinking is "now completely extinct"—a pair that may seem specially eccentric to the rather large number of people who still sing the Psalms of David.

The Stock Exchange Official Year Book, 1954. *Thomas Skinner.* 2 Vols. £7.

The second volume, now published, of the Stock Exchange Year Book for 1954 completes this year's edition of an indispensable guide to securities. The scope of this reference book increases year by year: it now covers about 26,000 entries, including subsidiary companies mentioned in the notices relating to their parent concerns. The commendable innovation of giving full summaries of balance sheets is now virtually complete. This greatly adds to the value of the Year Book for handy reference.

Blackie's Standard Dictionary, completely re-edited by Dr. R. F. Patterson, and equipped with 8 new colour-plates, has been reissued at 6*s.* 6*d.*

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HAS THE MANILA TREATY ANY VALUE? William Warbey, M.P.

THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN'S ASIAN COLONIES R. W. Sorensen, M.P.

HINDUISM AND COMMUNISM: ARE THEY COMPATIBLE? Taya Zinkin

SOVIET AID TO ASIA Wilfred Ryder

THE JAPANESE TEXTILE INDUSTRY J. Greenhalgh

Published at: 58 Paddington Street, London, W.1

Week-end Competition

No. 1,297

Set by Tom Bowling

Browning, it is alleged, opened his poetic account with the lines:

> Good people all, who wish to see
> A boy take physic—look at me!

Competitors are asked to try their hand at similarly revealing first couplets by Blake, Donne, Milton, Tennyson, Hardy, Kipling, Auden or T. S. Eliot. Entries by January 11.

Result of No. 1,294

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a modern morality *or* fairytale, in 100 words, entitled *Three Wishes.*

Report

Could it have been some diversion of the Christmas spirit that produced, in the most strenuous fortnight of the year, such a glitter of cynical inspiration? Competitors not only proved how much might be said in how modest a space, but also managed to illustrate, in the prettiest possible ways, that luck is better than brains, that brains are better than luck, and that the most dangerous present in the world is a wish. We wish all competitors the compliments of the . . . . But no. A short report leaves greater room for entries. Prizes of two guineas to Winsome; one guinea each to Leslie Johnson, H. A. C. Evans, C. Hodgkinson; half a guinea each to Nancy Gunter, Circe, L. G. Udall, Edward Blishen. We also wish—but we have had our quota—that we could print as well the entries of D. W. Barker, H. J. R., Allan M. Laing, Jim Parrott, Richard Lubbock, the Revd. J. P. Stevenson, John Lincoln, V. R. Ormerod.

THREE WISHES

Once upon the-good-old-days a cherubic infant was born who was either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative and to whom three wishes were granted. He plumped for a long life and world fame: these were accorded him in fullest measure. At the finest hour of his apotheosis he wished he hadn't said it. But his fairy godmother explained that wishes did not work retroactively and his only hope now was that it would not be found. The ancient cherub pretended not to hear and, making a mystic sign with his fingers, bestowed on her a beatific smile. For he knew that he still had another wish to come.

WINSOME

A superior Intellectual, during a fissiparous experiment, inadvertently liberated a Fairy, who had unfortunately become imprisoned in a Nucleus, whereupon she naturally offered him the customary Three Wishes.

"My good Fairy," said he, "that is a most redundant Gesture. I now wish that every future wish of mine will be granted. You see? Optimum use of one wish makes the other two superfluous."

"If we're going to be clever," replied the Fairy, "you're disqualified for contravening the Doctrine of Election. All or none, that's the rule."

So saying, she flew off, and the Intellectual lived unhappily ever after.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Once upon a time-and-a-half a depressed prole of Batley sighed and said "I wish—." "Take three," interrupted a Voice. He turned and saw a beautiful lady, all dolled up just like on the Telly. "What's your line?" he asked. "Fairy Godmothering. So wish." "I wish I was rich ("Take One"), lived in a big house ("Take Two") and got my picture in the papers" ("Take Three.") So he won £75,000 on the Pools, was arrested for a fraudulent entry, had his picture in the evening papers and went to live for some years in the Big House.

H. A. C. EVANS

A girl wished three wishes at a wishing well—for a fortune, for a lover and for happiness.

For a fortnight she had all three, then the lover absconded with the fortune and happiness departed with both.

Moral: Wish wisely and not at a Well.

C. HODGKINSON

Ada's fiancé was away in the tropics investigating a dangerous disease. She stayed at home and looked at her Telly. But she missed him very much. So she wrote to Fairy Wilfred and said she was courting and wished she could see her Jack. And Fairy Wilfred made her wish come true. She met Jack at the studio. But Jack was not pleased.

"I thought you must be very ill," he said, in front of all the viewers, "I wish you had let well alone."

And Ada wished she were dead. But Fairy Wilfred could not do anything about that.

CIRCE

"Three more wishes, this is the last straw," reflected Fairy Goodwill glancing at the "Wish Early for Christmas" poster above her desk, and then at the buff Wish Indent Form in her hand

FORM 1234567890XMAS, it read

Mortals for the use of
Christian Name Tommy
Surname Tinker
Age 8 years
Qualification for wishing. Releasing fairy from mousetrap.
Required. I engine (real)
I Bus (Ditto)
I cwt. assorted sweets.
All required by Dec. 25th, 1954.

"I wish we were back to *wands* and that the Ministry of Wishes had never been invented," she thought crossly. At the thought the whole office vanished in a puff of smoke. For, you see, it is only mortals who must use wishing forms. Fairies always carry a spare wish.

NANCY GUNTER

"Firstly," said the businessman, "I want everybody to buy my Superduper Smashbanger Roadster."

"O.K." said the Fairy's agent.

"I'll *think* about the other two."

Off flew the agent. But there was only room for half everybody.

"Please make all the roads twenty times wider," asked the businessman.

"Right," said the Fairy's agent.

My Goodness, they drove through stockbroker's estates, pulled down St. Paul's and filled in the Thames, and what a tooting torrent there was.

"What now?" asked the Fairy's agent.

The businessman looked sad.

"Please, Oh please, give me three acres and a cow in the Hebrides."

L. G. UDAEL

Once upon a time a young man of excellent modern education gave up his seat in a crowded tube train to an old lady. She beamed and said, "Young man, I am a fairy." He blushed scarlet and looked nervously round the carriage. "In return for your kindness," said the fairy, "I will grant you three wishes." "Really," mumbled the young man, and pretended to be absorbed in his NEW STATESMAN. He was greatly relieved when she got out at the next station.

Her seat, by the way, was instantly captured by a youth of even more excellent modern education than the young man himself.

EDWARD BLISHEN

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 271. Set December 11

A: (1) Q-Q8 ch!, K x Q, (2) B-Kt5 ch and mates next move.
B: (1) P-B2, P queens, (2) R x Kt, Q-Q4 ch, (3) P-K4, Q-QR7, (4) R-QR1, etc.
C: (1) P-Q6 ch, K x P, (2) P-B7, Kt-Q2, (3) K-Kt7, B-B6 ch, (4) K-Kt8, K-K2, (5) P queens ch, Kt x Q, (6) P-B6 ch, B x P if (4) . . . Kt-B3 ch, (5) K-Kt7!, Kt-Kt5 ch, (6) P-B6, B x P ch, (7) K-Kt6, B-K2, (8) K-Kt7, B-B3 ch, (9) K-Kt6, K-K2, (10) P queens ch, K x Q, (11) K-B5.
(2) K-Kt7? is refuted by (2) . . . . B-B6!.

Many competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **C**; but quite a few flawless solutions too. Prizes shared by C. Allen, R. M. Cameron, J. R. Harman, A. Schneider. Many correspondents sent friendly seasonal wishes which I sincerely reciprocate.

ASSIAC

CHESS

No. 274. Boy Cocks Snook at Queen

For so placid a column this seems a sensational headline indicating most reprehensible behaviour and calling for stern rebuke. Yet, no one of us will disapprove of the manner in which young Roy O'Neil dealt with his foe (Diagr. I.). He is 14, and I am indebted to his headmaster (our own ladder-hero C. Allen) for letting me know. There was young Roy, facing two united passed pawns on the enemy's 6th: a sight to strike terror in the heart of the stoutest chess-player. Nothing daunted, the boy played Q-R8, and when the QKtP went forth the R escaped all the way up to QR8. A Queen was born, the K blithely dodged the check at KB2, and Black had yet to learn that the new Q could help him no more than the old one. (3) R-B1 (4) QxR,Q-Kt3 (5) Q-B8 ch, K-Q2 (6) Q-B8 ch, K-K2 (7) Q-K6 mate. An equally well deserved chessbook-token goes to a reader who is carrying well over five times as many years as young Roy. But E. W. Carmichael showed no less boyish exuberance in pressing this attack to triumphant conclusion.

(18)	P-Kt5	B-K2	(25)	P-R5	R-B2
(19)	P-B6	B-B1	(26)	Q-B3	Q-Kt4
(20)	P-KR4	P-Kt5	(27)	Q-B5	P-Kt3
(21)	Kt-Q5	BxKt	(28)	PxP	BPxP
(22)	PxB	Q-B4	(29)	Q-K6 ch	R-B2
(23)	B-K4	Q-B5	(30)	RxP!	resigns
(24)	Q-Kt2	R-Q2			

Well over half a century younger is D. E. Cohen, one of our Oxford cracks, who sent me this amusing brevity won by him the other day.

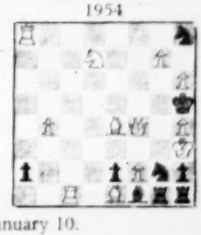
(1)	P-K4	P-K3	(12)	P-B4	KtxB
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(13)	PxKt	O-O
(3)	Kt-Q2	P-QB4	(14)	B-Q3	Q-R4 ch
(4)	P-QB3	BPxP	(15)	Kt-Q2?	Q-B6
(5)	BPxP	PxP	(16)	K-K2	P-K4
(6)	KtxP	B-Kt5 ch	(17)	Kt-K4	Q-Kt7 ch
(7)	Kt-B3	Kt-KB3	(18)	K-B1	PxP
(8)	B-K3	Kt-B3	(19)	B-B2	PxP
(9)	Kt-B3	B-Q2	(20)	QR-Kt1	Q-R7
(10)	P-QR3	BxKt ch	(21)	B-Kt3	P-K7
(11)	PxB	Kt-Q4	(22)	resigns	

A: Leslie Hale 1954

I am glad to offer an entirely home-made competition in this "Readers' Own" column. **A** is a pretty mate in 5, and lest it be too difficult a 4-pointer for beginners I had better mention that the member for Oldham-West is apt to be in a sacrificial mood when the urge for composition grips him. **B** is a sui-mate, White having to force Black to mate him in 8 moves. It is not quite as difficult as it seems and may not be underrated with 6 points. But **C**, though a mere sui-mate in 3, would hardly be a bargain at 7 points, unless I reminded competitors that the author is universally recognised as the greatest exponent of what may be called the "multi-promotion theme."

B: B. Lodge 1954

C: Harold Lommer 1954



Usual prizes. Entries by January 10.

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8.00-9.30 p.m.	...	41 and 49
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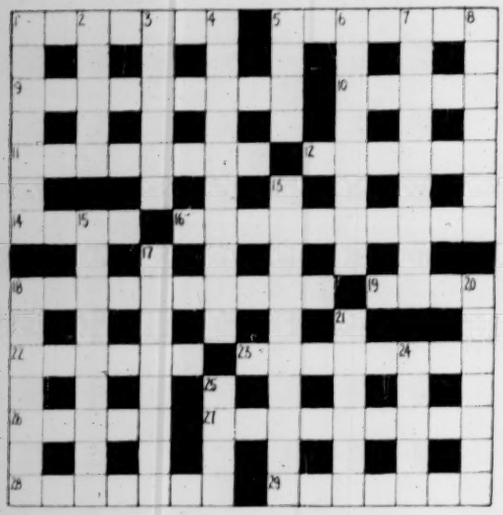

ACROSS

1. Arrived with a piece of ground for Arthur's seat (7).
5. The whim to make food international (7).
9. Ruin for the mother country (9).
10. Tedium is included among the ten nuisances (5).
11. On this side the birds are in the reservoirs (8).
12. "Curl'd minion, ———, coiner of sweet words" (Arnold) (6).
14. Relations who are born with a half-sister around (4).
16. Schoolmaster who abhorred rackers of orthography (10).
18. In three divisions the first requisite is to foul with skill (10).
19. One among the linesmen (4).
22. Where to have a scrap of clothing on (6).
23. Man must start a universal period of fasting, for it is highly poisonous (8).
26. The tracks show that the retreating soldiers have lost their heads (5).
27. His cattle may provide sport (9).
28. Denotes an island (7).
29. Strange-hearted schoolmaster (7).

DOWN

1. Books fish and sweet (7).
2. A short time with the music critic (5).
3. A cricketer who puts on weight? (6).
4. Where to look for them with the outing (10).
5. Begins to consider the other side of the question (4).
6. The papers include period forecasts (8).
7. Hotel with no money from those who went abroad (9).
8. Those in 24 see grim changes (7).
13. The bottom clues are to be found in the theatre (10).
15. In the play there is a ship with trouble aboard (9).
17. Though taste is used, something more is needed to rescue our editor (8).
18. In migration the bird certainly has the right answer (7).
20. Architectural swell (7).
21. The office needs polishing up —and water must be used too (6).
24. Absence or absentee (5).
25. Beat up one's own side (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 131

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 131

Mrs. E. M. Peachy (Canterbury), H. Bradley (Burnley), Miss A. E. Johnston (Dublin).

PERSONAL

GREETINGS of the Season to all members and friends. For Peace & Friendship between the British and Rumanian Peoples. British Rumanian Friendship Assocn., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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FOR Sale: Keesing's, 28.6.47-2.7.49, with binder; Concert Guitar, beautiful condition, cost £34—best offer.

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Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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SIX-ROOM house and garage with ½ acre in Hants village, 70 mins. train London. Recently modernised. £3,500. Box 3142.

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LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL. Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. brkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters Restnt., White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

FROM 45s. sgle., large dble. newly furn. Service Rooms. H.c., elec., bath. Fine residential house. Easy City. TUD. 6715.

TWO furn. rooms, kitchenette, sep. toilet & share bathroom. Very select neighbourhood, N. London. Suit business couple. £3 10s. incl. light & heat. Box 3337.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room with all conveniences. Flat 5, Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

FLATLETS for apprec. bach. m. or f. Well-furn. & equip. C.H.W. Divan. Use frig. 45s.-75s. Fully s/c flat, red. rent exch. light serv. (no housework). MOU. 5196.

LARGE divan rm., Chelsea. H. & C. Gdn. view. Newly dec. All cons. FLA. 7552.

SUNNY b/s. room, comfy furn. for single lady, to let in quiet flat. Belsize Gdns., N.W.3. Use kit. & bath. 45s. p.w. Vacant early Jan. Write c/o Max Ritson & Partners, Ltd., 33 Henrietta St., W.C.2.

FURN. room (for man). Univ. area flats, use kitchen, bathroom; telephone, breakfast. 3*gns.* inc. gas. Ring MUSeum 8170.

CHARMOUTH, Dorset. Cottage to be let furnished for 3 months from Jan. 1. 3*gns.* weekly. Apply Dr. de Peyer, Badgers, Charmouth.

UNIVERSITY lecturer & wife require s/c. flat unfurnished/furnished, Central London. Ring CHA. 5938 or Box 3259.

POST-Graduate student wants well-furnished room with separate cooking facs. for four months. Box 3354.

UNF., S.C. flat, 2/3 rooms, wtd. Bloomsbury or near. £150 p.a. or under. F. & f. bought. MUS. 5140 (evenings).

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

PROF. couple seek pied à terre, Mondays to Fridays, Cen. London. KNI. 4663.

BACHELOR seeks pied-à-terre with family, real country or Chelsea. Evening meal wanted. Room for few possessions appreciated. Alternatively, would join another man seeking quarters. Box 3302.

LADY, middle-aged, seeks small s/c. unfurnished flat. Some service. Garden appreciated. Residential Hotel Club? Suggestions welcomed. FITzroy 1084.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

CAIRO University. Faculty of Arts. Applications are invited for the Chair of English Language and Literature. Applicants should have occupied the post of Professor or Assistant-Professor of English in a recognised University. Appointment will be by contract for a minimum period of two years. Salary £E 900 per annum, plus about £E 500 covering the expatriation allowance and the cost of living bonus. Travel expenses for applicant and family will be defrayed by Cairo University. Applications should be addressed to the Dean, Faculty of Arts, Cairo University, within the period of one month after the publication of this announcement.

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall, Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama. Applications are invited for the post of Bursar (man) for this College of 150 residents. The post is vacant now and the successful candidate will be expected to take up duty as soon as possible. The College is housed in a mansion standing in its own grounds seven miles from Wakefield. The Bursar will act as the Principal's chief executive administrative officer and be responsible for the care of buildings and grounds and all the College financial arrangements. Preference will be given to a candidate who can be resident but other applications will be considered. Salary will be £540 × 15 —£585 with free board residence. Further information and application forms which should be returned by January 17, can be obtained from the Principal, Bretton Hall, Bretton, Wakefield.

CUMBERLAND Education Committee. Higham School, Bassenthwaite, Nr. Cockermouth, Cumberland. Applications are invited from experienced teachers for the post of Headmistress of this residential special school for educationally sub-normal girls (approximately 38 girls, aged 9—16), which the Authority proposes to open in August, 1955. It is hoped to appoint the successful applicant from 1st May, 1955. Salary Burnham Scale Group II(S) and free board residence in return for supervisory duties. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable (on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the undersigned, to whom they should be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement. Gordon S. Bessey, Director of Education, 5 Portland Square, Carlisle.

UNIVERSITY of London. School of Slavonic and East European Studies, W.C.1. Vacancy for Senior Library Assistant on scale £425 × £15 to £500. Family allowance and superannuation. Knowledge of at least one Slavonic language essential. Preference for graduate and A.L.A. Applications, together with copies of two recent testimonials, to the Secretary, address as above, by January 15, 1955.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (British subject) for Pacific and South African Service to formulate ideas for and produce talks, talks features, etc., for Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Sound educational background, good general knowledge, judgment of spoken word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in people of all kinds essential. Particular knowledge, experience and understanding of the areas concerned and their peoples and tastes desirable. Interest in sport an advantage. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Request for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "616 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

REQUIRED, (1) Staff for Citizens' Advice Bureaux in Metropolitan Boroughs of London. Candidates should have Social Science Diploma or experience in professional social work. Training given. First three months on unpaid basis. Salary when trained £470 × £25 to £450, with possibility of promotion to £470 × £20 to £550. Superannuation. (2) Clerical Assistant for Citizens' Advice Bureau. Knowledge of Social Services desirable. £234 × £13 to £350. Apply to writing to C.A.B. Liaison Officer, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

THE Family Welfare Association have a vacancy for a Junior Case-Worker in the London Area. Candidates must hold a degree and/or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University; preference is given to those aged 23 or over. One year's training under supervision is given during which a maintenance allowance is paid. Salary on appointment, £375 p.a. × £25 to £450 p.a. Superannuation compulsory. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

A PERSONAL secretary of the Jewish faith required for senior minister of leading London Synagogue. Interesting and responsible position for competent and efficient lady (25-40). Accurate S/T essential. Excellent conditions, 5-day week and an adequate salary. Applicants should telephone CUNningham 5181 (Mr. Levinson) for preliminary interview.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Broadcasting Officer, Male, required by Northern Rhodesia Government for 1 tour of 36 months in first instance. Salary scale (including present temporary allowance of 17½% of salary) £1,142 rising to £1,352 a year, plus gratuity at rate of £100/£150 a year. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates should have had previous broadcasting experience, preferably in Africa, and must be capable of producing and compiling programmes in English and the vernacular and of supervising all news compilation and listener research. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34661/NJ.

ASSISTANT Programme Organiser required by Uganda Government for Department of Information for 1 tour of 30/36 months in first instance. Salary scale (including inducement pay and present temporary allowance of 10% of salary) £772 rising to £1,280 a year. Commencing salary according to experience. Outfit allowance £30. Provident Fund. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must be capable of undertaking production, script writing, and planning of English and African programmes, arranging auditions of potential artists, making local recordings and assisting on outside broadcasts. Experience with a Colonial Broadcasting Station would be an advantage. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34516/NJ.

APPLICATIONS are invited to fill vacancies on our Organising Staff: N.E. and N.W. England. Initiative and good personality essential. T.U. background an asset. Minimum commencing salary £520 p.a.; higher if qualifications warrant. Write for appl. form: National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., London, S.W.1.

"HIGH Wick," Tyttenhanger, St. Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the following appointments arising through staff promotions at the above Home for psychotic and maladjusted children: Housemother, S.R.N. Essentials for this worth-while work are previous experience with, and a keen interest in, children, initiative, humour, understanding and abundant energy. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Council. Junior Assistant Housemother. Candidates should be keenly interested in child welfare, adaptable and energetic. Applications to the Group Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Assistant Warden at rehabilitation centre near London for temperamentally unstable men run by a voluntary organisation. Commencing salary £4 per week, live in, all found. Applications giving experience of welfare work to The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, York, London and other parts of the country. Apply: F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

FEATHERS Clubs Association. Youth Club leaders, experienced and enterprising, required for two clubs in West London. Each club has two leaders and own premises. For particulars of salary and pension scheme apply with details of experience and qualifications to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., N.W.8.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation requires Assistant (20-30) for its Research and Publications Department. English mother-tongue and good knowledge German and French (or German and Dutch or Scandinavian language) essential. Typing and shorthand an advantage. Must adhere principles of democratic trade unionism. Interesting permanent post; superannuation scheme. Box 3310.

INSTRUCTOR in English (substantial part-time) required by Correspondence School. Journalistic experience a recommendation but not essential. Please write fully, in confidence, giving details of age, experience and qualifications, to Box 3314.

SECRETARY, preferably with degree, for Head of University Department. Duties include editorial work in connection with a scientific journal. Good salary for applicant with suitable experience and references. Apply in writing to Anatomy Department, The Medical School, Birmingham, 15.

EDITOR of medical journal requires experienced secretary who is also first-class shorthand typist. Details given should include education, background and salary desired. Box 3298.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand-Typists wanted for temporary work 10-5. No Sats. Duttons Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

COMPANION-Help wanted for 2 ladies. 32 Woodside Ave., Beaconsfield, Bucks.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REQUIRED by the Canning Town Women's Settlement Resident Housekeeper (some cooking); duties include supervision of domestic staff, 12 residents, including Students. Activities—Social Work and Day Nursery. Interesting post. Apply Warden, 4 Cumberland Road, Plaistow, E.13.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

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WORK of direct social and human benefit, rural setting, both mental/manual activity. 26 y.o. grad. seeks work with purpose and meaning, pref. Continent. Box 3274.

SCHOOLMASTER grad., linguist, 58, back from abroad shs. post Jan. Pref. non-residential, concentrating French. Box 3216.

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REPORTER Secretary free occasionally. Phone ARCHway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Research Fellowship. Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship of the value of £600 per annum. This award is tenable for three years and is open to candidates likely to make a significant contribution to knowledge within the fields of Social Science, Sociology, Psychology, Education. Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar to whom the completed forms must be returned not later than March 1, 1955.

WHERE TO STAY

TO spend less, spend the winter at Farringford, on the warm, sunny Isle of Wight. For as little as 7gns. per week you can enjoy all the advantages of this lovely country house with a full staff and no housekeeping worries. Fully licensed. Details from the Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. Phone 312.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Continental holiday now midst loveliest Spring flowers in the land of Legend & Romance. Sunshine, safe golden sands & emerald pools. Later on fishing, boating in Italian-like villages. Finest surf-bathing. Salmon, trout. T.V. (Plymouth), Billiards, T. tennis. Children's room, Golf. Open all year. Remarkably sheltered: 5 hrs. London. Hgns., except July-Sept.; Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright. Port Isaac 234.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in a hotel, good food, comfort and congenial company. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SWANAGE. Veget. Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Vacs. Brochure: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

NEW Year. Spend it at Old Norton House, Rottingdean the famous village along the cliffs from Brighton. Central heating. Reputed for its food. Friday/Sunday 3gns. Tel. 3120. Proprietor Donald Chapman, M.P.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter Holiday? A small quiet hotel for friendly people in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy Normanhurst. Rec. by readers. Inexpensive terms for twin-bedded rooms, 4½ 7gns., incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, htd. bedroom (teen. htg. everywhere. Slumberlands. Convalescents welcome; Bkfst. in bed. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Facing Sth., opp. coverd. prom.; Nr. Sun-Lounge orchestra. 'Phone: Hastings 4784. No fogs.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1, Island Rd.

WINTER on the Côte d'Azur. Excellent food. Beautiful surroundings. Reas. Brochure: Hotel du Gros Pin, le Bruse, Var.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"ANALYSIS of the Kinsey Reports on Sexual Behaviour". Edited by Donald Porter Geddes (Frederick Muller, Ltd.). A perceptive, provocative review of what thoughtful men and women of authority have to say about the most talked-of book of the decade—Kinsey Reports. All bookshops, 10s. 6d.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess. Lists, A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Road, Tolworth, Surrey.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

BOOK Bargains Sale. Thousands of ex-library books at greatly reduced prices are available at our New Year Sale. Jan. 4-22. If you are not on our Mailing List, write for Sale Catalogue No. 1102. The Times Bookshop, 42 Wigmore St., W.1. WEL. 1781.

ROBERT Graves, Kathleen Nott and Naomi Mitchison write in January "Literary Guide" now on sale, one shilling. Specimen copy from Dept. X, 12 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

WHAT it feels like to be "Colour-barred" is authentically described by a Nigerian worker living in Yorkshire, in the January "Labour Monthly" available New Year's Eve. Order now 1s. 6d. all agents, or 9s. half-yr. from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London N.3.

AUTOMATIC Health is the outcome of organic food and thought. 6s. 6d. a year subscription to "The Farmer" (including "The Gardener" and incorporating "Wholefood") will stimulate your rusty mental machinery and tickle your tired palate. The current number includes masses of lively information for all but the deliberately blind or mentally moribund. Edited while you sleep by a practical farmer, Newman Turner, Ferne Farm (N.), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

CATALOGUE of Interesting Books on India, Occult Sciences and all other subjects available free from Taraporevala's Treasure House of Books, 210 Hornby Road, Bombay, India.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for Lists. Silverdale, 37 Bank St., Glasgow.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & B. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

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NEW and second-hand books on the Occult, Magic, Mysticism, Eastern Philosophies, Health and Healing, and similar subjects. Send stamp for free catalogues to The Aquarian Book Service, 30 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

NEW Austin Princess Long Wheelbase Limousine. Black with brown leather to forward compartment. Interior trimmed with beige cloth. Fitted H.M.V. wireless. For immediate delivery from H. A. Saunders, Ltd., Radlett, Hertfordshire. Tel. Radlett 5681.

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MEETINGS enable you to reach those who attend. A duplicator will enable you to reach those who don't! A Foolscap "Emphas" will give a lifetime of first-class service, yet it costs only £5 complete ready to use and guaranteed. Illus. details from makers Blaikiock Gray Ltd., Hockley, Essex.

PLENTY of capital ideas in the kitchen are inspired by that wonderful Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

SCHOOLS

KENT College, Canterbury. A number of free tuition places will be awarded to boarders on the result of the Entrance Examination to be held on February 17, 1955. Candidates must have spent two years in a State-aided Primary School. Full particulars from the Headmaster's Secretary.

LINDISFARNE College, Wynnstay Hall, Ruabon, Denbighshire. Two Scholarships of £100 and two of £80 will be awarded on the result of examinations to be held in March, 1955, for entry in September. Boys must be over 13 on January 1, 1955. For particulars apply to the Headmaster.

SEVENOAKS School Scholarships—Notice of New Regulations. Two or more Scholarships value up to £205, and other smaller awards. Examinations: 10½-11½, February 7 (English and Maths. only) for entry to Junior Boarding House 11½-14, May 30. Further particulars from Headmaster.

SUMMERHILL, vacancies for 8's and under £45 term, plus extras. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 3973. "The Prince & the Pauper," by Mark Twain. 2.15, 7.45.

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. The World of Sholom Aleichem. Directed by Sam Wanamaker. Opens Jan. 11, 1955.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 ex. Mon. Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "Top Note." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Reedy River." Fris. & Sats. 7.45. Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30, "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incids. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Jan. 2: "Tati in." Monsieur Hulot's Holiday." (U.). From Jan. 3: Cocteau Season: "La Belle et la Bête" (A.).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Jan. 1st. Judy Garland, Gene Kelly in "If You Feel Like Singing" (U.). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADW. 3520. Sun., Jan. 2, 7.30. "Il Ritorno di Don Camillo" U. Fr.

LONDON Scientific Film Society—at National Film Theatre Sunday afternoons, Jan. 9, Feb. 13, Mar. 13. Subscription for 3 shows 7s. 6d. (single) 12s. 6d. (married couple). Details from L.S.F.S., 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Saturday, January 1, 7.15. "Village Revolt."

GRAND New Year's Eve Party at the Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Gay Hungarian films 8.30. Dancing 9-2 a.m. Restaurant open from 7. Phone BAY. 0273 for tickets. 5s. in advance, 6s. at door.

SAT., Jan. 1. Fancy Dress Ball, non-stop 7.30-midnight, to Ginger Johnson's Latin-American Music, at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place. (Tube, Russell Sq.) Caribbean Labour Congress (Lond.). All welc.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assn. New Year's Ball Sat. Jan. 1, Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Pl., S.W.7. 7.30-midnight. Tkts. (inc. buffet) mems. 25s., non-mems. 28s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society Dance, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sat., January 1, 1955, 7.30 p.m. Admission 4s. (with running buffet).

CONCERTS

SATURDAY, January 1, at 3 p.m. Southwark Cathedral. Day McAusland (Soprano), John Whitworth (counter tenor), The Renaissance Singers. Director: Michael Howard. Music for Christmas. Works by Byrd, Tallis, Palestrina, Victoria & Sweelinck.

OPERA: Jazz; Concerts: Choose your music from the programme of 20 Continental Stations. Get a copy now of European Radio, Bookstalls & Newsagents. Every Friday, 6d. Special offer 5 copies for 2s. subs. Cut this out & send with P.O.: Europ Pub. Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Rd., London, N.4.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Edmonton, until Jan. 9. Admission free.

DAVID Jones. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

G. F. WATTS. Arts Council Exhibition. Open till Jan. 16. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: 2nd Exhibition. 9 Painters. Dec. 30-Jan. 29. Mon.-Fri. 10-1, 2.30-7. Sat. 10-1. Closed Dec. 31 & Jan. 1. Adm. free.

HUNGARIAN Books & Handicrafts, former for sale after Exhibition. Beautiful art productions, classics & scientific works. Lectures by MacColl & A. L. Lloyd (see Press for dates), Collet's New Book Gallery, 44/45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily 11-6, excl. Suns., Jnn. 4 to 31. Adm. free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1954. Paintings, Drawing and Sculpture. Last three days. To-day and Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East station.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1: Sculpture, Drawings & Engravings by Geoffrey Clarke; Collages by Austin Cooper.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Fernand Leger. Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Peter King: sculpture. 11-5.30 dly.

ICA Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition of French and English Lithographs. All Lithographs for sale, from 1 to 10gns. Daily 10.30-6. Sat. until 5. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

DUTCH Graphic Art. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Closes Jan. 15. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

GEORGE Morland. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8); Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture. 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth; The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

ICA, 17 Dover St., W.1. Discussions, 8.15, Thurs., Jan. 6: "Fernand Leger": with reference to the current Exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery. Speakers will include Alan Clutton-Brock, David Sylvester, John McHale. Chairman: Robert Melville. Members 2s., Guests 3s. Tues., Jan. 11, Poetry Readings. Elisabeth Jennings, J. R. Orton & Diana Witherby will read from their own works. Chairman: J. S. Fraser. Members 2s., Guests 3s. Thurs., Jan. 13: "Architecture: Work and Team Work." Symposium on Prof. Giedion's new book, "Walter Gropius." Speakers: E. Maxwell Fry, Prof. N. Pevsner, John McHale, Reyner Banham. Chairman: Dr. J. L. Martin. Members only 2s. Fri., Jan. 14: Illus lecture, "The Place of Music in the Film" by John Huntley. Chair.: Elisabeth Lutyens. Mem. 2s. Gsts. 3s.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 4: Richard Clements, O.B.E.: "Adding Life to the Added Years." (The Problem of the Elderly Citizen.) Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15. To-night, Fri., Dec. 31. No meeting. Fri., Jan. 7, John Hoyland, "Improved Human Relations." Adm. free.

SIR Herbert Read will speak on "Education Through Art: A Revolutionary Policy," at an open meeting arranged by the Society for Education through Art on Monday, January 3, from 10.30-12.30 and 2.30-4.30 at University College (Chemistry Room C.1), Gower Street, London, W.C.1. Chairman, Mr. A. Barclay Russell. Admission free.

"THE Blue Continent & Italian Red Sea Underwater Expedition." Illustrated lecture by Dr. Vailati. Central Hall, Tues., Jan. 4, at 8. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., Hall (Whi. 4259) & Agents.

YOGA. Unique Film of Life in Yoga Ashram, including beautiful demonstration of advanced exercises by Swami Sivananda's Leading Professor of Hatha Yoga, will be shown by Edward Hain, M.A. (recently returned from Rishikesh) at 3 p.m. on Sunday, January 9, 1955. Please apply for admittance cards to the Secretary, Y.P.S. School, Bridge House, 2 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. or ring SLO. 6967.

"SOVIET Writers & Readers," by Eleanor Fox, at Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Fri. Jan. 7, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. (or 1s. 6d. in adv. only from Shaw Society, 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18).

"I DOUBLED for General Montgomery." Told in person by M. E. Clifton James. Greatest deception story of the War. Wigmore Hall, Thursday, January 13, at 7.30. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall (WEL. 2441) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (WEL. 8418).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Arthur Skeffington, M.P.: "The Work and Problems of the L.C.C." Wed., Jan. 5, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Jan. 2: S. K. Ratcliffe: "Hopes and Fears for 1955." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, Jan. 2, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1 (Nr. Bond St. Stn.). Discourse by Rev. Claud Coltman.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. January 2: "New Year Resolutions."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri. Jan. 7. Ayana Deva Angadi: "Indian Music: quintessence of culture" (illustrated). 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

DO you know your classics? Central Literary & Social Group presents a musical quiz on records. Prizes. Refreshments. Visitors welcome. 8 p.m., Wed., Jan. 5, Foiman's Restaurant, Noel St. (Off Berwick St.), W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. 6 p.m. Jan. 1, Miss O. Wate: "English Customs & Manners." Jan. 8, Le R. Père Merveille (Alliance Française): "Provence: "Terre qui chante." (avec projections).

"POSTER Designer's Job": an illustrated lecture by F. H. K. Henrion, arranged by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton), Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells), Mon., Jan. 3, 8.15. Non-members 1s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Retrospect and Prospect." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., January 2, at 7 p.m. Music and readings at 6.30.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ST. ANNE'S House, 57 Dean St., W.1. GERrard 5006. Spring, 1955, January 6, 7 and 8 at 6.30 p.m. "The Masque of the Manuscript" and "The Masque of Perusal," written by Charles Williams with music by Hubert Foss, will be presented in the Lecture Room under the direction of Michael Elliott. Admission 5s. (supper included). Seats may be reserved in advance. Mondays, 6.30 p.m., January 10 to February 28. "Image, Meaning and Metaphor." An enquiry into the Logic and Psychology of Symbolism in Communication and Expression. Discussion will be opened by Prof. W. Empson, Miss Kathleen Raine, Mr. E. W. F. Tomlin, Mrs. Margaret Braithwaite, Dr. R. D. Scott, Dr. Mary Hesse, Sir Arthur Bliss, Sir Herbert Read and others. Admission 2s. each lecture, by invitation only. Thursdays, 6.30 p.m., January 13 to February 24, "The Shape of Work to Come." Lecturers include the Rt. Hon. L. J. Edwards, M.P., Mr. J. R. Gass, Dr. R. W. Revans, Mr. A. Healey, Dr. M. M. Finiston, Prof. M. P. Fogarty. Admission 2s. each lecture, by invitation only.

ECONOMICS and Social Philosophy. Lecture-Discussion Courses begin in Westminster and Greater London on January 11, 12, 13 & 14 (evenings for ten weeks). There are no fees. Text Book 5s. Write or telephone for full particulars and School Prospectus. Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1 (ABBey 6665). Economic Classes as above are also being held this term in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Portsmouth. Prospectus and details from 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1.

SHORT Courses. Urchfont Manor. Weekends Jan. 28-30. "Bird-watching." Field work and lectures when birds are visible in the leafless countryside. Feb. 11-13, "The Poetry of Dylan Thomas." A study of the poet's later work and his broadcast technique in particular. Feb. 25-27, "Public Opinion." Measuring and interpreting public opinion, in politics and in listener and consumer research. March 11-13, "Chinese Art." An account of the traditional painting and pottery of the Chinese, related to their philosophy and way of life. Spring Programme available from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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